

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 173 (2333).—VOL. VII. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

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ALEXANDER WOOD,

President Royal College of Physicians.

DOUGLAS MACLAGAN,

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Edinburgh, August, 1861.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1861.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIRS OF KING RICHARD III.*

"NOBODY," so the *Times* of Monday informed us, "now objects to test examinations." We wish they could be extended in their operation from candidates for Civil Service appointments to candidates for literary distinction. We should be glad, for example, if a regulation could be enforced prohibiting anybody from publishing a book on English History who had not attained a moderate proficiency—say in Mrs. Trimmer or Pinnock's Catechism. Such a rule would, we conceive, prevent the spoiling of many reams of valuable, albeit now untaxed, paper, would save many respectable people from making themselves extremely ridiculous, and would spare us the trouble of reviewing such a writer as Mr. John Heneage Jesse.

When a gentleman sits down to write about the Wars of the Roses without knowing who was the father of the Duke of York, he displays a *crassa ignorantia* which does not inspire much confidence in his readers or deserve much favour from his critics. This feat Mr. Jesse has accomplished at page 36 of his work, where he speaks of Richard, Duke of York, the claimant of the crown, as having been interred at Fotheringay, "near the remains of his father Edward, Duke of York, who was slain at Agincourt." The relationship which existed between the two Dukes—we write for the information of Mr. Jesse and any readers under ten years of age—was that of uncle and nephew. With the sons of Edward III. poor Mr. Jesse appears to be sadly puzzled: sometimes, for example, the fifth of them is Edmund of Langley (p. 7), at others Thomas of Woodstock (p. 140)—a discrepancy which we imagine arose from William of Hatfield being counted in the one case and not in the other. But it is in dealing with the Beaufort family that he flounders most hopelessly. As far as we can extract a meaning from his statements, we should conjecture his theory to be that Edmund Beaufort, who fell in the first battle of St. Alban's, and whom, by way of a little cheerful variety, Mr. Jesse sometimes denominates Edward, was the first Duke of Somerset; the fact being that the title had originated with his elder brother, John. Of the existence of the latter, we are happy to find Mr. Jesse is not wholly unaware, though our pleasure is alloyed by remarking that he considers him to have been the *great-grandson* of John of Gaunt. These two blunders are, we need hardly say, the parents of countless others; and we pass on to other points, leaving our readers to imagine how the third Duke is called the second and the fourth the third, while Sir John Beaufort, who fell at Tewkesbury, is uniformly represented as the son of his uncle.

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, was, in Mr. Jesse's opinion, "a man of plebeian origin." According to historians he inherited an earldom created by Richard II., was the son of a distinguished soldier, and the grandson of a chancellor—the first Earl having sprung, by the way, from by no means the lowest rank. But the De la Poles apparently have altogether escaped the historical researches

of Mr. Jesse; otherwise it is rather singular that he should limit the heirs of the House of York on the death of Richard III. to seven, viz. the five daughters of Edward IV. and the two children of the Duke of Clarence. Richard himself, passing over the offspring of one brother as illegitimate, and of the other as attainted, had, as is well known, designated as the heir of his House his sister's son, John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln. The last-named had four brothers and two sisters; while the Duke of York's eldest daughter, Anne, married first to the Duke of Exeter, and secondly to Sir George Manners, had issue by both unions; so that Mr. Jesse's seven heirs may, without much investigation, be certainly doubled.

On the lesser slips of such a writer we need hardly dilate. An author who sneers at Oxford for its servility to "the sovereign of the hour"—such, we suppose, as William III. or the first two Georges—may be expected to speak of Christ Church College; and one who notes as an eccentricity in Henry VI. that he "believed in the efficacy of being prayed for," may not unnaturally speak of "the psalm, *Indica me, Deus*." Once, in a philosophic mood, Mr. Jesse tells us we need not be surprised if Richard did some wrong actions, because "he lived in the Middle Ages, when belted knights thought it a meritorious act to knock out the brains of a defenceless prelate at the altar." We presume the allusion is to Thomas à Beckett (who, we may observe, was not killed at an altar), and we should be glad to know how the standard of morals in the fifteenth century could be lowered by an atrocity which had been perpetrated amid the universal reprobation of the twelfth. The defence is about as cogent as it would be to extenuate the crimes of Palmer by a reference to those of Guy Fawkes.

About Mr. Jesse, moreover, there is an exuberant ignorance which cannot be confined within the trammels of his subject. Thus, he cannot tell us that there was a contrast between Richard in his youth and Richard in his manhood, without commencing his sentence, "As much as the Diana of the Greeks differed from the Astarte of the Carthaginians," &c. Mr. Jesse may know who "the Diana of the Greeks" was, but we frankly own that we don't. Diana, when we were in the fourth form, was a purely Roman goddess, whose name was connected with *dies*, and who only at a late period became identified with Artemis.

This, in fact, is a bad book on a good subject. The Wars of the Roses are a period deserving the most careful study, not only by reason of their enduring importance, but on account also of some common misconceptions which have clustered round them. We never could understand why popular sympathies, as expressed in most books on the subject, should be so universally with the Red Rose: of course some causes for this lie on the surface. The House of Lancaster was cried up by a chorus of great writers in Tudor times; and when, a century later, anything was said against it,—as, for instance, in Dryden,—it was generally with an *arrière pensée* towards Jacobitism. But the real claims of the "illustrious Henries" to the respect of posterity seem very questionable. Henry IV., the Louis Philippe of the Middle Ages, had sufficient capacity for intrigue to make good use of his position as a prince of a younger branch; but his reign is a dreary period of turmoil and bloodshed, while to buy clerical support for a defective title, he flung to the winds the hereditary policy of his House, and incurred the darkest of all stains, that of insincere persecution. Henry V. waged,

in all probability, the most wantonly wicked wars of any monarch in our annals. Henry VI., personally amiable and well-intentioned, suffered the honour of the kingdom to be tarnished and its resources to be squandered, amid the struggles for power of adverse factions, headed by bad men, who were actuated by worse women. A dynasty which is the offspring of revolution may not unfairly be regarded as a tenant-at-will, liable to deposition by the power which has enthroned it. That York against Lancaster meant the mass of the people against the majority of the barons, it is impossible to doubt; and had Richard Duke of York succeeded in obtaining the throne, there seems no reason to doubt that he would have governed with ability and moderation.

To the Yorkist princes belongs the credit of having at the rise of the modern stage of society sedulously fostered the middle class—a policy which the leading representatives of that class, the citizens of London, repaid with steady devotion. Commerce was developed and encouraged by their favour, and even the fame of William Caxton is not unconnected with that of Edward IV. Even admitting the atrocities which stain their memory, it must be remembered that the initiative in severity was taken by the Lancastrians, and that it was the sweeping proscription of the Coventry Parliament that drove matters to the fearful extremity which gave to the war so sanguinary a character. The people, however, have not cherished the memory of those who were once their leaders. The Duke of York and his sons are none of them popular favourites, and the memory of Richard III. is execrated with peculiar vigour.

"Of all the wicked ten, still the names are held accurst,
And of all the wicked ten, Appius Claudius was the worst."

One very usual mistake about him is that regarding his age. Representations of Shakespeare have, as Sir Bulwer Lytton observes, taught people to think of him as "an elderly tyrant." Eventful, however, as was his life, it was very brief. Born in 1450,* he was but ten when his father and brother perished in the terrible carnage of Wakefield; but twenty when he encountered the fiery charge of Warwick at Barnet, and carried by a masterly strategy the entrenched camp of Edmund Beaufort at Tewkesbury; but thirty-four when pierced with countless wounds he sank down on the lost field of Bosworth.

Up to the year 1483, his career had been in every way honourable to him. No candid historian can now charge on him, with any show of plausibility, the deaths of Henry VI. and Prince Edward of Lancaster. His opposition to the obnoxious and grasping Woodville seems at least to have been shared by the majority alike of nobles and people. On one memorable occasion he had stood forth alone as the champion of a creditable and vigorous policy. When Edward's elaborate expedition into France terminated in the disgraceful treaty of Pecquigny, the Duke of Gloucester had refused to attend at the ratification of the ignominious bargain, and had in the strongest terms protested against the barter of the honour of England for the gold of King Lewis. The charge of fratricide does not seem to merit much refutation. There is really no tittle of evidence which would warrant us in attributing the death of the weak and worthless Clarence to any machinations of Richard.

It is, however, by the events of a single year—nay, of a few weeks—that his character

* So at least it has generally been stated, on the authority of Rous, though we observe Mr. Jesse cites William of Worcester—a doubtful guide in the latter part of his Chronicle—for putting the event in 1452.

* *Memoirs of King Richard III. and some of his Contemporaries, with an Historical Drama on the Battle of Bosworth.* By John Heneage Jesse, author of *The Court of England under the Stuarts*. (Bentley.)

has been generally estimated. The great *coup* which threw the Protectorate into his hands was the commencement of the more questionable portion of his career. The game, it would seem, between him and the Queen's party had become one of life and death; and it was not unnatural that he should strain every nerve to save the country from the calamities of a Woodville administration. He was determined that Elizabeth should never lord it like another Margaret of Anjou, with Rivers and Dorset for her Suffolk and Somerset. But why did he kill Hastings? Why, when he struck down with the one hand the nearest and most powerful kinsmen of the Queen, did he smite with the other their most influential and pertinacious opponent? The whole transaction forms one of those historical riddles which seem destined for ever to baffle curiosity and defy solution. The great question after all is, Did he kill the princes? and we own that it seems to us impossible to avoid an affirmative answer. Had it not been so, why was no attempt made to clear up the mystery by producing or accounting for the little captives at a time when the terrible charge was ringing through the country? The strange problem of Perkin Warbeck does not really affect the question, for Perkin, equally with Henry VII., charged the murder of Edward on Richard's memory, and represented himself as having been marked out for slaughter by his uncle.

From the stain of this murder it is impossible to clear the King; and if we ask how one who could not in his earlier life be called a bad man could incur a guilt so foul, we shall find some reason—not, with Mr. Jesse, in the general character of the Middle Ages—but in the subversion of moral feeling which would result from a quarter of a century's civil conflict—that confusion even of the names of good and evil which the great historian of Athens detected as the offspring of the Peloponnesian War. Many violent deaths had occurred within men's memory among the royal family. The tragedies of Berkeley and Pomfret were not many generations distant, and Richard might recall how, in the space of a century, two princes of the blood, who had borne the same title as himself, had perished in prison by the hand of the assassin.

The origin of Richard's power was evil, but its exercise was marked by little that can be censured. He was a tyrant in the Greek sense of the word, rather than the English one. Munificent and discriminating in his encouragement of religion and literature, he devoted great care to the defence of the country and the promotion of commerce. Foreign merchants were invited to settle in England by facilities for their "denization." English merchants were protected abroad by the institution of the office of consul. Not a few pardons are extant, granted by a King who has often been pictured as ruthlessly vindictive; and towards the families of his fallen opponents he seems to have exercised singular lenity. Perhaps, too, in the days of Empson and Dudley, over-taxed Englishmen may have remembered, not without regret, the rule of the monarch who gave his assent and obedience to the statute against benevolences.

Dark, however, as are many of the clouds which overhang his life, the most bigoted of his denouncers have not denied that he found his death nobly and courageously. Betrayed and abandoned, when his most trusted friends were trafficking with his deadliest foes, he stood gallantly at bay and only just failed to overthrow the combination against him. When the neutrality of Northumberland and the treachery of Stanley were manifest, when Norfolk

after a hand-to-hand fight with De Vere had fallen pierced by a Lancastrian arrow, when Surrey, after displaying the chivalrous valour destined nearly thirty years later to crush the power of Scotland, had been compelled to surrender to Talbot, then Richard headed that fierce onset—his "charge of the old guard"—that almost retrieved the day. Then at last, when Brakenbury and Clifton and Ratcliffe and Ferrers

Had fallen in Lyonsese around their lord,

and Lovel alone remained to bear the banner of St. George above his master, overcome by overwhelming numbers and exhausting wounds, the vanquished Plantagenet fell dead at the feet of the victorious Tudor,—no ignoble end for a life, a reign, and a dynasty.

THE COURTS OF GERMANY IN 1800.*

THE volume before us is not a subject for criticism, but of sincere thanks to its accomplished editor for favouring even a limited circle of readers with some very agreeable information. Its contents are derived from a journal somewhat irregularly kept in Germany in 1799–1800, by the mother of the Dean of Westminster, the granddaughter of Bishop Chenevix, and wife of Colonel St. George; to the interval between the death of her first husband and her second marriage the pages before us refer. They contain some lively pictures of Germany and several of its courts, introduce some new anecdotes with respect to Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, the Duke of Brunswick, the Queen of Prussia, and others whose names are familiar to readers of "Memoirs," and those who have the privilege of hearing the oral traditions of the Upper Ten Thousand.

After being windbound at Yarmouth, the traveller reached Cuxhaven in safety, after a wretched voyage, which was relieved by the attentive care of Mr. Hudson Gurney. While she was the guest of Baron Breteuil, some time the French Minister of Home Affairs, his granddaughter, the Duchess of Montmorenci, "took patterns of everything she possessed, and made similar dresses with the ingenuity of a milliner or mantuamaker," a proceeding which, we believe, constitutes female felony in the estimation of ladies. From Soltan to Hanover the rate of travelling, in a post-chaise, moderately loaded, and drawn by four horses, was exactly two English miles an hour; but on setting out from Hanover while it was dark, "the day seemed to dawn from earth instead of heaven, in consequence of the ground being covered with snow." At Brunswick Mrs. St. George was annoyed by the Duchess "extracting from her her age," and was not consoled even by the Hereditary Prince, who assured her, in whispers, that she was the most interesting person he had ever met, and endeavoured to prevail on her to stay at Brunswick, with many sighs, *doux yeux*, and explanations; the night before she had been presented to the Hereditary Princess, so she prudently answered with "low bows and audible expressions of gratitude." There was no idle ceremonial in this exemplary court; if there was "raco" in the intervals, the ladies were employed in knotting, netting, embroidery, and knitting stockings; and at dinner foreigners took precedence of every person except, of course, the Duke and Duchess, who at dinner sat facing each other at the middle of each side of the table. Poor people! they had their easy lives embittered

by the miserable quarrels of their daughter and graceless son-in-law, the "first gentleman" in Europe. At Berlin Madame de Haugwitz, wife of the chief minister, "sent her tailor for the pattern" of Mrs. St. George's gown, which, said that lady, "I think very intolerably free-and-easy, considering I was a perfect stranger." Sir C. Cresswell would have enjoyed *otium cum dignitate* in that happy country, where the Lutheran religion allowed a man to marry two or more sisters in succession, and if either party complained of incompatibility of temper, divorce followed this most convenient and sweeping cause of separation; and ladies retained an unimpeachable character after an unlimited number of such disunions.

At Dresden, Mr. Elliot, the minister, who "possessed a family of cherubs," could not by his daily visits make up for the dullness of the Court, as the Elector would give no balls whilst Europe was in its then unhappy state. If Alexis Orloff, the murderer of Peter III., was repulsive to our diarist, his countrymen were hardly more endurable, for one, a major, quietly informed Mr. Elliot that "he had killed seven or eight of his recruits and never been able to make a good servant yet;" and another gentleman of the same temper made his Cossack lad of about thirteen years relate his atrocities towards the Jews. "The most I ever killed at once was eleven," said the boy; "my father bound their hands and I stabbed them!" At Prague the waiter informed her that "Suwarrow was a great bigot and a great hog," proceeding to details which his listener was compelled to suppress. An amusing story is told of Sir Charles Whitworth's disgrace at the Court of Russia. The Emperor had forbidden the passing of an empty carriage by a certain part of the palace. Sir Charles, ignorant of the order, desired, on one occasion, his coachman to follow and meet him at a distance, as he wished to speak to a workman. The sentinel stopped the carriage, the servants insisted on proceeding, and the Emperor, hearing the noise of the scuffle, ordered the servants to be beaten, the horses to be beaten, and the coach to be beaten. And Sir Charles, to express his anger at the disgrace, discharged the servants, shot the horses, broke up his carriage, and threw it into the river. The Emperor insisted on his recall. "The Emperor of Russia is a wild beast," said one of her friends, and proceeded to relate a horrible story of a prisoner fettered to a dead companion within a grated carriage, sealed with the imperial seal, and in vain entreating the guide to release him. Mr. Elliot said that "one would willingly go to St. Petersburg for the sake of shooting such a monster."

Passing through Bohemia, where the exemplary "beggars ask with mildness and desist at the first refusal," Mrs. St. George reached Vienna, but found "travelling contribute little to the improvement of her mind;" and at the receptions, where there was "less beauty, less elegance of dress, and less flirtation" than in London, "conversation was meagre, little events were magnified as in a small town, politics were never and literature very seldom, mentioned." The dinners were not good, begun at three and ended before five; and after a course of cards and coffee, the guests retired before six, but were at liberty to return at nine to an assembly. There were few concerts, no balls, assemblies were unfrequented, and the virtuous and immoral women met as friends together. The poor running footmen, who seldom lived more than three or four years and generally died of consumption, excited her compassion, as much as the splendid Hungarian Guard, mounted on white horses, dressed in a

* Journal kept during a Visit to Germany in 1799–1800. Edited by the Dean of Westminster. (Not published.)

scarlet tunic and trousers, with a green belt scarf and yellow half-boots, all trimmed and embroidered with silver, moved her admiration. Vienna, by her account, was a very naughty place; but the good-nature of its society redeemed it. At Baden, Mrs. St. George observed from a little gallery, with other spectators, the gentlemen in shirts and trousers, the ladies in white morning dresses, caps, laces, and ribbons, bathing together, and enjoying the amusement. "It is," she says enthusiastically, "the triumph of real beauty and freshness, as no rouge can be worn or paint of any kind. The bath opens a vast field for coquetry." But every pleasure has its drawbacks, and "the heat and sulphureous smell were very unpleasant; and ladies who have no lover can only obtain half a conductor, as every man who was not specially devoted gave each arm to a different lady," as it was dangerous for women to walk about in the bath without a conductor.

Lady Holland is cleverly described as exhibiting to her husband "the tyranny of a governess to a trembling pupil," as she indolently reclined on a sofa, with screens between the lights and her eyes, as she imperiously employed every person near her without apology or intermission; her suite consisting of a humorous clergyman, a peevish physician, a young lord, a boy who shammed deafness, and her husband acting fag-in-chief. At Berlin Mrs. St. George fell in love with the Queen of Prussia, and describes her charms and dress in the most minute manner; but worth all the rest of the book together are the notices we receive of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, especially inasmuch as Dr. Pettigrew dismisses the visit of the great Admiral in a few lines. The extract which we shall make will be somewhat lengthy, as few of our readers probably will meet with the volume itself.

"It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied by the same object. She is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne; the shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head, and particularly her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes light blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable, and interesting; her movements, in common life, ungraceful; her voice hard, but not disagreeable. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity. Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most submissive and devoted I have ever seen. Sir William is old, infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her. After dinner we had several songs in honour of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight, and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face, but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially. The songs all ended in the sailors' way, with 'Hip hip hurra,' and a bumper with the last drop on the nail.—October 4, at the opera; Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson were wrapped up in each other's conversation during the chief part of the evening.—October 5, went by Lady Hamilton's invitation to see Lord Nelson dressed for Court; he was a perfect constellation of stars and orders.—October 8, the Electress will not receive Lady Hamilton on account of her former dissolute life. Lord Nelson, understanding the Elector did not wish to see her, said to Mr. Elliot, 'Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will knock the Elector down, and I will knock him down too.'—October 9, Lady Hamilton repeated her attitudes with great effect; all the company except their party and myself went away before dinner, after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond

of champagne, took such a portion of it as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behindhand, called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise, and after many bumpers, proposed the Queen of Naples, adding, 'She is my Queen to the backbone.'... After I went Mr. Elliot told me she acted Nina intolerably ill, and danced the Tarantola. During her acting Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of astonished applause which no written character can imitate, and by crying every now and then 'Mrs. Siddons be —.' Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping round the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star and ribbon all flying about in the air."

We part from this unhappy woman, Moll Cleopatra, as Mr. Elliot called her, on board the frigate which carried Lord Nelson, "bawling for an Irish stew, with her old mother washing the potatoes." We can only think, with Mrs. St. George, that "perfect beauty in nature is a chimera like the philosopher's stone," and congratulate ourselves that this culpable infatuation on the part of Nelson was the one blot in a character which was otherwise nearly faultless.

BARON LARREY.*

THEY manage some things better in France. They understand better the distribution of honours—at least, they did under the First Empire. Larrey was but a surgeon, yet he was ennobled; a non-combatant, and yet he was created Baron. We act otherwise here in England. We reserve our highest grades for soldiers, sailors, diplomatists, politicians, millionaires, and lawyers; for man-slayers, double dealers, ratters, money-grubbers, and successful prosecutors or defenders of villains. Once a mere man of letters was made a lord; but that man was Thomas Babington Macaulay. A simple benefactor, however, of the human race can get no higher than a baronetcy; a man who grapples face to face with Death and beats him, who assuages agony, who mends the cracks in broken limbs, and causes, as it were, the lame to walk, is considered well rewarded with knighthood. Certainly a Bishop, if he take pains with his personal appearance, and be careful that his lawn sleeves are nice and white, is a great ornament to the Upper House; but we are not at all sure that his peers might not be found in such men as Harvey, Jenner, Astley Cooper, and Brodie. It is comparatively easy to kill a man (as would be more often exemplified but for the strong view upon the matter still taken by the law), and very difficult to save him alive; yet our highest honours are dispensed to the killer, denied to the saviour. The ancients were before us in this respect: the Greeks placed Asclepius, old Homer's "blameless physician," amongst the stars; they worshipped him at Epidaurus; his sons were princes, and ruled over Tricca, Ithome, and Echalia; and the Asclepiads were revered as a hierarchy, as worthy of honour as Archbishop or Bishop, or any other "Grace" or "Lordship." It certainly was once suggested by a facetious contemporary that a well-known accoucheur should be raised to the peerage by the title of "Lord deliver us," but the suggestion was never acted upon, and remains nothing but a rather profane jest even to this day.

But return we to our subject: Jean-Dominique Larrey, we learn, was ushered into the world, where he was to do such good service, in

1776, at a village called Baudéan at the foot of the Hautes Pyrénées. At the age of thirteen he was left fatherless, and then left his native place for Toulouse. Here he was received by his uncle, Alexis Larrey, with the kindly words: "Welcome, my young friend; my house is thine. I will try to replace the tender father whose loss you bewail, and you shall be my adopted son." Under this abnormal uncle, who is described as Surgeon-Major and Professor at the Hospital of Grave, and Corresponding Associate of the Royal Academy of Surgery at Paris, young Larrey studied for six years diligently, and then went to seek his fortune at Paris. No long time elapsed ere he became assistant-surgeon to the sloop 'La Vigilante,' in which he saw some practice, and narrowly escaped the additional experience of a shipwreck. In 1789 he was again in Paris, an eye-witness of the fearful scenes which marked the opening of the Revolution, and "had occasion to take care of the first victims of those sad days at the Hôtel Dieu, under the orders of the surgeon, Desanet." There were ghastlier sights than these when the Reign of Terror was inaugurated, but the wounds which are made by the guillotine are beyond even the skill of a Larrey. It was three years later, in April 1792, that Larrey joined the Army of the Rhine, in which he received the appointment of Medical Chief of Kellermann's division. He was attached to the right division for seeing curious carvings in flesh, and he profited by what he saw: he was, moreover, so affected by it, observing the agonies to which the wounded were exposed in consequence of the lack of proper means for moving them, that he set his inventive powers to work and produced, to his lasting renown, those *ambulances volantes* which supplanted, much to the comfort and gratitude of the shattered soldier, the clumsy contrivances which had previously accompanied the army. General Beauharnais bore ample testimony, in a despatch to the Convention, to the merits of these flying ambulances. They were first used "in a defile of the Rhine, near Königstein," where Larrey was himself wounded, and very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Not long after this, Larrey "was sent by the generals and representatives of the people of Paris, in order that he might superintend the construction of *ambulances volantes* for all the armies of the Republic. But hardly had he arrived at Paris, when he received the appointment of Surgeon-in-Chief of the army of Corsica, and the order to proceed to Toulon." Nevertheless he found time, whilst at Paris, to go through an interesting ceremony with Mlle. "Charlotte Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Laville-Leroux, Minister of Finance under Louis XVI.," which had the effect of converting the young lady into Mme. Larrey. He soon after made for Toulon, where he left his wife under "the care of some of his relatives, and then presented himself to the chiefs of the French army, among whom was General Buonaparte." We have heard of General Buonaparte and the Emperor Napoleon, but General Napoleon is new to us; but it is, we suppose, the same person.

Larrey saw some short service in Spain; he then joined the army of Italy; he was a witness of the spoliation of Venice; he "established a school of surgery at Milan," accompanied General Desaix to Trieste, and at Udine had his *ambulances volantes* inspected by General Buonaparte, who expressed his lively approbation of them. His next service was as Surgeon-in-Chief of the expedition to Egypt; and here, at the battle of Alexandria, he saved the life of General Silly, who was

* *Memoir of Baron Larrey, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Grande Armée.* From the French. (London: Renshaw.)

wounded in the knee by a bullet; Larrey amputated the limb, under the English fire, in three minutes, when he was somewhat startled at espying some English cavalry approaching; he therefore took his patient on his back, and carried him across "a series of ditches planted with caper bushes," "while the cavalry were obliged to go by a more circuitous route." In 1800 he was appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of the Consular Guard, and in 1804, after the First Consul had grown up into Emperor, he had placed upon his bosom, by the Imperial hand, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, whilst the Imperial lips were graciously pleased to utter the words, "C'est une récompense bien méritée;" and in a short time he was appointed Inspector of Hospitals. Larrey's next active duty was to take medical charge of the army assembled at Boulogne for the purpose of invading England; but the French and Spanish vessels which were to have transported that army found, as is well known, other work to do, and so the enterprise was abandoned, and the army used against Germany instead of Great Britain. Larrey was thus a spectator of the glories of Austerlitz, and had an opportunity of acknowledging how much the surgical practitioner is indebted to the conqueror for subjects on which to experimentalize. On this particular occasion, moreover, so numerous were the wounded, and so crowded the hospitals after the peace of Presburg, that M. Larrey's and his brethren's amputatory labours were diversified by innumerable cases of typhus fever. Larrey was present at the famous action at Jena, and subsequently entered Berlin; from thence he followed the victorious French army to Posen, where, upon a day to be ever marked with white in his calendar, he had the good fortune to see—what is so gratifying to the feelings of a medical man—a disease he had never seen before; it was that dirty-looking malady the "plique Polonoise." In the second campaign of Spain, Larrey earned for himself, combatant as well as non-combatant renown, for the way in which he repulsed an attack of the populace of Madrid, who had uttered a horrid threat of massacring the French wounded, upon the Hôtel Dieu. The mode in which Larrey won his rank of Baron is characteristic, and is thus told:—

"The Surgeon-in-Chief Larrey, in order to prevent his patients being starved, ordered soup to be made of horse-flesh. Although Larrey endeavoured to spare the horses as much as possible, yet the French generals, who chiefly suffered, were loud in their complaints at their horses being turned into food. It was a wanton violation, as they thought, of the rules both of Epicurus and of humanity. Accordingly they complained to Buonaparte of the manner in which their animals had been served up by order of Larrey. The Emperor summoned Larrey, and in the presence of his staff demanded an explanation with a most severe expression of countenance. 'What,' said he, 'have you on your own responsibility disposed of the horses of the officers in order to give soup to your wounded?' 'Yes,' answered Larrey. He added no more, and soon afterwards he heard of his elevation to the rank of Baron of the Empire."

After the battle of Wagram the French soldiers lavished upon Larrey marks of their esteem, and Napoleon, not to be behind his men, gave him a pension of five thousand francs per annum, in addition to the honour conferred upon him only a few weeks before. Larrey returned to Paris in 1809, and there abode two years. He was then nominated Surgeon-in-Chief of the Grand Army, in which capacity he went through the campaign of Russia, and was, as usual, distinguished for his courage and humanity. To Russian as well

as Frenchman he extended his kindness; for with the healer suffering is of no nation; the disabled foe is a foe no longer; the true doctor's aim is to cure without respect of persons. No less a personage than M. Thiers, in no less a work than the *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, has taken occasion to offer to the name of Larrey the homage of his admiration. "God alone," he says, "has been able to know whether these Russians paid the debt of gratitude contracted by them towards the best of men." For not only did Larrey tend the wounds of the suffering Russians, but "on quitting Kolotzkoi" gave them "money, as he observed many itinerant dealers from whom these convalescents might purchase such things as were indispensable for their complete restoration."

We pass over the other campaigns in which Larrey was engaged, always to his credit, and come to Waterloo. "As the French account of this last battle," says the translator, "is not very translatable, and would be very incredible in England, it is here given in the original French.—*L'armée française, triomphante des Anglais pendant toute la journée, est vaincue le soir par Blücher et trente mille Prussiens.*" To us it seems incredible that the French should allow they were beaten at all; everybody knows they won the battle of Trafalgar, and they were still nearer winning at Waterloo. It appears, however, that at the land action the order was given, "sauve qui peut." Larrey's humane feelings as a medical officer would not allow him to comply; the consequence was, that in the Prussian pursuit he was overtaken by some Prussian lancers; he "expected no quarter from Prussians," and so fired his pistols at them and galloped off; they discharged their carbines, wounded his horse, and dismounted himself. As he lay on the ground he received two sabre-cuts which rendered him insensible; and he was ultimately taken prisoner, stripped of his property, and sentenced to be shot. But he was recognized by a Prussian surgeon, conducted before General Bulow, and "finally presented to Field-Marshal Blücher." Larrey had saved the life of the Marshal's son, and the Marshal was now only too glad to repay the debt. Larrey therefore returned to his wife and family, who knew not whether to mourn him as dead, at Paris on the 18th August, 1815.

Under the Restoration Larrey lost his post as Inspector-General of Hospitals and his "pension of three thousand francs" (by the way, it was five thousand at p. 99), but in 1818 "the pension was restored to him, and about three years later the title of Surgeon of the Royal Guard was bestowed on him by Louis XVIII." When the ashes of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena, "the old Surgeon of the Grand Army, clad in his uniform of the Imperial Guard, bent with age and with melancholy souvenirs, walking with head uncovered, though the snow fell heavily," was not the least interesting figure in the funeral cortège. Inactivity did not suit Larrey, and in 1841 he "solicited of the Minister of War the fatiguing and dangerous mission of inspecting the military hospitals in Algeria." His request was granted, but it cost him his life. Labour both of body and mind, combined with old-age, wore him out, and on his way back to Paris, he died at Lyons on the 24th July, 1842. He was honoured by having his name engraved upon the stone of the Arc-de-Triomphe, and his statue erected "in the Court of Honour of the Military Hospital of the Val-de-Grâce at Paris." This statue is a production of David's chisel. But the old man would have himself most prized

these words in Napoleon's will:—"I bequeath to the Surgeon-in-Chief of the French army, Larrey, a hundred thousand francs. He is the most virtuous man I have ever known."

This book is very welcome, as are all *sovereigns* of good, useful, and courageous men: and Larrey was conspicuous amongst the good, the useful, and the courageous. It professes to be "from the French;" does that mean a literal translation? Or are there pieces of claptrap and catch-penny inserted? For instance, is the sentence at page 179, "Therefore let the spirit of volunteer rifle-regiments be respected, and not respected only, but approved and encouraged when their object is defence and not aggression," to be found in the original French? We have not the French to refer to, and our excuse for expressing a suspicion upon the subject must be, first, that the sentiment is more like what one would expect from one of Swan and Edgar's "young men," than a native Frenchman; and, secondly, that we have seen a translation from the German in which the translator offered to weak brethren sops of cant and patriotism for which there was not the least foundation in the original German.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH.*

UNLESS we are much mistaken, Mr. Reade has succeeded in producing a work which will survive by far the greater number of fictions which have been written within the last twenty years. *The Cloister and the Hearth* combines a variety of qualities, any one of which is commonly supposed to suffice for the basis of a good novel. It is full of brilliant Rabelaisian wit, of acute analysis of human emotion, of romantic narrative, and of veracious historical painting. It is a genuine picture of human life; and we cannot admire too much the skill with which the author has brought out the universal characteristics of man, and at the same time shown the modifications to which they were subjected in medieval times. It is the story of existence in those distant days, when everything external was so different from the externals of our own age; everything internal so thoroughly identical. Unlike Mr. G. P. R. James, or the author of *Rookwood* and *The Tower of London*, Mr. Reade has made his heroes and heroines recognizable as men and women, in spite of the strange oaths, strange costumes, and strange habits of the fifteenth century. In the romances of these two popular writers of "sensational" fiction, the characters are utterly impossible compounds of human qualities; the men are merely mailed, swearing puppets; the women insipid, treacherous dolls, or else men disguised in satin petticoats: they are more like articulating horses and mares than men and women. We never find in them, moreover, any attempt at drawing the domestic life of the middle ages; we are always in a palace, on a battle-field, in a cloister, but seldom or never at the hearth. Sir Walter Scott has been the only writer who has tried to paint the life of olden days in such colours and with such adherence to truth that we, who now look upon his pictures, can recognize the portraits of human ancestors, and can understand, or at least so many of us as wish to do, how the world went on in those times. Mr. Reade has made a similar effort in *The Cloister and the Hearth*. We discover that Europe in the fifteenth century was not altogether a 'bear-garden for human griffins

* *The Cloister and the Hearth*. A Tale of the Middle Ages. By Charles Reade. In Four Vols. 31s. 6d. (Trübner.)

and dragons, hacking and hewing, swaggering and cursing; that even then there was plenty of opportunity in the midst of feudalism and tyranny, of sieges of towns and pillage and bloodshed, of highway robbery and midnight murders, for all the large expansiveness of the affections, for self-denial, faith, womanly tenderness, and manly truthfulness, and, alas, opportunity too for malice and avarice and lying.

The Cloister and the Hearth is the strange history of two sore-tried souls who lived untrumpeted and died unsung four hundred years ago: it is the interpretation of an old Latin chronicle, which tells the story of this pair with curt romance. It has cost Mr. Reade a year's very hard labour to recount this strange, eventful history without deviating from the historical outline. To us it certainly seems that this labour has not been thrown away. It has done something to remove the thick haze which hangs between most educated people, and a true conception of mediæval life; and the reader leaves the book with a vivid, and more than transient notion of what existence in the fifteenth century was. Nor is it a partial notion: we see the hearth, with the busy, anxious mother, the stern yet tender father, the sons and daughters with the variety of dispositions commonly found amongst sons and daughters of our own time; we are carried into the palaces of great dukes and princes, and even into the chamber of the Holy Father at Rome; we wander through Holland, and Germany, and Burgundy, and Venice, through all the manifold perils common to that violent epoch; assassins, monks, burgomasters, mercenaries, chambermaids, beggars, passionate princesses, through the scene; and our ears are visited now by the vigorous profanity of a Burgundian soldier, now by the tender accents of a betrothed maiden, now by the bland address of a Pope, now by the stentorian roar of a dwarf, and now by the prattle of a child. Here, by the way, we may notice that according to Mr. Reade's peculiar typographical arrangements everybody whispers in "brevier," roars in "pica," and thrills your blood in capitals. This extraordinary method of measuring the pitch of voice or emotion may be convenient, but it is somewhat childish. The reader does not want to be told in typographical accents that "this is thrilling," or "that was a roar." Here is an instance where variety of type is made to depict the horror of the intelligence:—

"What's that sound?"

"IT IS THE AVENGER OF BLOOD."

"Oh, Martin, save him! Oh, Heaven be merciful! What new mysterious peril is this?"

"GIRL, IT'S A BLOODHOUND."

Such a practice may be melodramatic, but it is certainly inartistic and makeshift to a degree. Mr. Reade's sentences and situations are generally pregnant enough to thrill us through and through without any mechanical aid whatever.

There can be no doubt that the feature to which we have alluded, the careful delineation, namely, of the domestic and humble life of the Middle Ages, is due to the prevalence at the present day of a sentiment which it is not easy to describe, but which runs through every department of modern literature and art. It may be roughly characterized as a love for investigating and interpreting the lower strata of social existence. George Eliot and Mr. Dickens are probably the two most successful workers in this branch; Mr. Thackeray, too, owes his popularity, in the main, to the skill with which he analyses precisely one half of the motives which commonly actuate the

mass of ordinary middle-class humanity: we say precisely one half, because Mr. Thackeray never draws whole men and women, but only half of them, whether it be the good or bad half. In fiction, this sentiment is partly the result of a reaction against the old romancers; and partly of causes of deeper importance and wider operation. The writings of Carlyle and his partial disciple, Ruskin, have been most effective in developing it, by the earnestness and eloquence with which they urge the downright necessity of looking at all things as they really are, and show at the same time that there are few things which, when so looked at, do not put on an aspect of transcendent beauty and interest. To the poetry of Burns, also, we owe in a large degree the banishment or voluntary cessation of the "innumerable host of rose-coloured novels, and iron-mailed epics, with their locality not on the earth, but somewhere nearer to the moon." However, on this point we need not dwell: its force is obvious to all who have paid any attention to the deeper significance of literature. Those who suppose that a Dickens or a George Eliot choose their scenes in lower life merely from individual inclination, and apart from the influence of a more general cause, may be left in the blissful limbo of the orthodox many, who believe in the influence of man upon his age, but cannot understand or admit the influence of his age upon man. Literature, like all other fields wherein the human intellect exercises itself, is governed by broad and irresistible laws; and without impugning the individuality or originality or free will of either Dickens or George Eliot, we hold that the tone of their works would not have been what it is, had they not been preceded in the path of fiction by Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Gore, and others of the old school. We have our own opinions as to the excess to which this reaction may be carried; the real may become so dominant, so all-devouring, as to leave no room for the ideal, and of the evil resulting from the banishment of that we need not speak. But the story under notice at present does not call for any comment in this direction. Mr. Reade has obeyed the tendency of the age in depicting the humbler level of life; but he has also done what some writers are in danger of neglecting—he has shown forth the heroic and the ideal in that level. His hero is not a Duke nor a Prince, but the son of a Dutch shopkeeper; but the author takes care to bring into constant prominence all his noble qualities and unshopkeeper virtues. What the true artist ought to develop is the noble and lofty in man, it matters not what be his station, or rank, or century. That there is this nobility everywhere, who denies? "It is not the material," says Carlyle, "but the workman that is wanting: It is not the dark place that hinders, but the dim eye." Let us give Mr. Reade all credit on this account.

In his preface to *The Silver Cord*, Mr. Shirley Brooks tells us that he endeavoured to "omit, as far as possible, Description, physical as well as moral, and to tell his story by means of Action and of Dialogue." What he failed in doing, or at least did extremely ill, Mr. Reade has done extremely well. The story progresses with scarcely any mere Description, and by vigorous Action and sprightly Dialogue; and we may add that his conversations are genuine dialogues, such as live men and women may be supposed to carry on, and not those ineffably wearisome palavers which, continued as they are for page after page, make *The Silver Cord* so unreadable. For rapidity of action and spirited dialogue, few contemporary writers are equal to the elder Dumas. Who

that has read *Les Trois Mousquetaires* can ever forget the series of marvellous encounters, intrigues, hairbreadth 'scapes, which follow one another with supernatural swiftness in the progress of that incomparable story. If an author tells us that he is going to tell his story by Action, let him not dare to dawdle in his Action. Let not our interest be tripped up by a dull dialogue without point or sparkle covering some ten pages, and quite disproportioned to the progress of incident, as is the case in *The Silver Cord*. If a story is to be told by Action, let there be abundance, variety, and rapidity. In this respect *The Cloister and the Hearth* is unimpeachable. We are hurried on in glorious haste through a thousand melodramatic situations and tremendous exploits; the dialogue is natural and sparkling, and in quantity precisely proportioned to the action. During the first two volumes we are constantly reminded of Alexander Dumas, only Mr. Reade has more of the wit and humour of Rabelais than has M. Dumas. Mr. Reade also occasionally seasons his wit, as did Rabelais, with a spice of profanity, and more than a spice of coarseness. There is a rather startling vigour in expressing detestation of an action, by saying that if "the devil himself were to be guilty of such a one, God would kick him out of hell" for it. But we may let this pass as essential to a true picture of the times; and modern fastidiousness need not be revolted at the strong expressions, and frank, rough speech, in which the men of other times conveyed their various sentiments or wishes. To our minds this occasional coarseness is absolutely requisite for the purpose of throwing into stronger relief the gentleness and graces which existed as fully behind it, as beneath the more polished phraseology of modern conventionality.

The story is full of exquisite delicacy of sentiment and loftiness of character, which may more than compensate for the occasional coarseness of language. Margaret, with all her sorrows, her active perseverance, and her final self-sacrifice, will rank amongst the most charming creations of fiction, or of history, whichever we may assign her to. Gerard is, throughout, a character of consistent nobleness, and almost consistent purity; and we say the latter in spite of the debauchery with which he glutted himself on hearing that he had lost Margaret.

"Wine, women, gambling, whatever could procure him an hour's excitement and a moment's oblivion. He plunged into these things, as men tired of life have rushed among the enemy's bullets."

"The large sums he had put by for Margaret gave him ample means for debauchery, and he was soon the leader of those loose companions he had hitherto kept at a distance...."

"And so he dived in foul waters, seeking that sorry oyster-shell, Oblivion."

"It is not my business to paint at full length the scenes of coarse vice in which this unhappy young man now played a part. But it is my business to impress the broad truth, that he was a rake, a debauchee, and a drunkard, and one of the wildest, loosest, and wickedest young men in Rome."

"They are no lovers of truth, nor of mankind, who conceal or slur the wickedness of the good, and so, by their want of candour, rob despondent sinners of hope."

"Enough, the man was not born to do things by halves. And he was not vicious by halves."

This and numberless similar touches convince us that Mr. Reade could be as successful in minute analysis of character as he has been in a more superficial kind of writing. What is probably the principal charm of *The Cloister and the Hearth* is the large variety of its excellencies: we have, as we have said, analysis of motive worthy of George Eliot; humorous descrip-

tion in the best style of Mr. Dickens; cynicism almost as amiable as that of Mr. Thackeray; and adventures as numerous and as incredible as M. Dumas's. The result of such a combination, even with comparatively small proportions of the various ingredients, is as delightful as might be expected.

EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.*

ANY ONE taking up this volume would suppose that the study of hieroglyphics was a novelty—a subject quite in its infancy—and one, therefore, that any person, however ignorant, is fully entitled to speculate about. *Egyptian Hieroglyphics; being an Attempt to Explain their Nature, Origin, and Meaning*: such is the full title of the work before us; and for those who have never heard of Young, Champollion, Rosellini, Lepsius, Brugsch, De Rouge, Poole, and Birch, such a title may doubtless lead to anticipations of new discoveries. With those students, however, to whom any of the writings of any of the learned men above noticed happen to be known, this "attempt" will be received in a manner we forbear to characterize. It was a quaint remark of Lord Byron, that he hoped to light his pipe with the hostile criticism he expected on his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. We venture to question Mr. Sharpe's powers in this respect; but if he does not take more care to be accurate in his future performances, there can be no doubt that the probable fate of the compositions of Lord Byron's reviewers will become, in his case, a certainty.

We own that, having some knowledge of Mr. Sharpe's previous works, we did not expect much enlightenment from the pages before us. We were not, however, prepared for what we have really found in them. Those who have studied the "History of Egypt," or the "Historical" and "Critical" Notes "On the Old and New Testaments," will anticipate the praise he gives to the author of the "Divisions of Purley"; but they may reasonably question whether "all the neighbouring alphabets" have been copied from the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Grant that we have on the walls of some of the temples in Egypt the oldest pictorial representations in the world, it does not at all follow that the Hebrew or Assyrian alphabets are taken from them. We are well aware that the Jews have long supposed that the characters of their alphabet resemble the natural objects from which they derive their names; the first letter, Aleph, for example, being supposed to exhibit some likeness to a bull's head, the Beth to a house, the Yod to a man's hand, &c.; but, for all this, we own we never could trace this likeness even in the modern square Hebrew characters, and still less when we look at the more ancient forms of the Phœnician: we are therefore inclined to consider this supposition exceedingly far-fetched, and mainly due to the poetical fancy of the race.

We venture, for our own part, to doubt altogether the theory which derives all alphabets from pictorial representations, though we are quite sensible that in this opinion we differ from many men for whose judgment and learning we have the highest regard. On the other hand, we believe that the discovery of a simple set of symbols, to serve as the representatives of sounds, is a far more easy hypothesis than that which assumes all letters to be, in fact, degraded or modified pictures.

* *Egyptian Hieroglyphics*. By Samuel Sharpe. (Moxon.)

Mr. Sharpe, however, though he will of course dissent from the view enounced above, cannot be accepted when pleading for the ordinary opinion. A writer who tells us that "the Arabic letters also seem to have been formed from the enchorial alphabet, which was more common in Lower Egypt," and who makes the still more astounding assertion that "the arrow-headed characters of Persia and Assyria are formed from the square Hebrew characters," is beyond the reach of ordinary reasoning. For the sake, however, of some of our readers, we will observe that it is simply impossible that even the most ancient type of the Arabic, viz. the Cufic, should be in any way connected with—not to say derived from—the enchorial, as there could have been no Cufic writing at all so early as the sixth century after Christ, nor any of this Egyptian character within some centuries of that period; and with regard to the assertion about the derivation of the arrow-headed character, a tyro in the study of languages well knows—that this writer is so strangely ignorant of—that the square Hebrew type cannot by any means be traced earlier than the centuries subsequent to the Captivity; and, moreover, that the type in use before the Captivity is perfectly well known from the Phœnician inscriptions of Sidon and elsewhere. At the same time it is quite certain that the Assyrian arrow-head character ascends to at least twenty centuries before the Christian era, a period at which no other alphabetic writings is known to have existed, excepting the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Such statements as these are characteristic of Mr. Sharpe, and wholly destroy the little value his researches might otherwise possess. No student can rely on a writer who shows himself so wilfully ignorant; no ordinary reader will care for a work in which such errors, to use the gentlest phrase, are shown to exist.

Mr. Sharpe has some curious notions, the origin of which it is not at all easy to trace. Thus he speaks of "a coin of Hadrian with the figures sixteen over a reclining figure of a river god, to denote that sixteen cubits was the height of rise in the Nile at all times wished for. We have other coins on which the river god is surrounded by sixteen little naked children or Cupids; and it would almost seem that the Alexandrian artist had, in this case, had in his mind the similarity in sound, in the Latin language, between Cupids and Cubits!"—why not in the English language? for this would be quite as sensible a suggestion as Mr. Sharpe's. The idea that the number sixteen over the river god refers to the height of the Nile inundation has, indeed, been suggested by Zoega and others, and must not therefore be confounded with the brilliant philological idea that connects "cupids" and "cubits." But really such trash as this is not to be tolerated in a work professing to give instruction in so grave a matter as Egyptian hieroglyphics; and the taste that could suggest such a miserable attempt at a joke, is quite in harmony with the audacity that could induce the perpetrator of it to place it in print. With regard to the coin we may remark, that Mr. Sharpe's "figures sixteen" are simply two Greek letters possessing that value, and may refer on this coin, as in numberless other cases, to the year of the reign of the emperor by whom they were struck.

In another place, we notice (see p. 104) the following statement:—"An Arab race. M. R. 143. Perhaps the original of our word 'Saracens.'" Mr. Sharpe need hardly have gone to Egypt for the "original" of so common an appellation of the inhabitants of Arabia, &c., though the title is often enough

misapplied. He might have known, as do almost all schoolboys in this enlightened age, that *Saracenus* is nothing more than a Latinized form of the Arabic *Al-Sherki*—meaning the Eastern, or the native of the East; and that it was coined, or at least brought into use, by the Latin Chroniclers of the deeds of the Crusaders. What an Egyptian or even a Coptic word has to do with the English 'Saracens' we are at a loss to conceive.

Mr. Sharpe is equally ingenious, and we think about as reasonable, when he deals somewhat later with the origin of money. Here is the passage (p. 128):—"1211. MONEY—gold, silver, jewels, and much of money, R. 8. 4. The first character occurs six times on the Rosetta stone, and is probably a wire of pure gold bent into a ring, the form in which gold was usually kept, before the invention of coins." Where does Mr. Sharpe make this discovery, which would indeed form an æra in numismatics, could it be proved, or even reasonably inferred? Mr. Sharpe can hardly fail to be aware that the earliest known specimens of "money" are the so-called Lydian coins, of the time of Croesus, or antecedent to him; and that, as money, these pieces, whatever may be their real date, are as much coins as the shillings of the present day. What may have been used for money before these specimens is pure speculation, and rests upon no satisfactory evidence. Some people, our friends in Ireland for instance, are enthusiastic believers in what they are pleased to call "Celtic ring-money;" and perhaps Mr. Sharpe may like to cast in his lot with the Bethams, &c. of this school. But we repeat, that all these notions are purely speculative, and that no one writing calmly and with a scientific purpose has any business to state that "a wire of pure gold bent into a ring" is "the form in which gold was usually kept before the invention of coins." We, literally, know nothing at all about such matters; besides which, as a speculation, it is much more probable that the gold rings, that have been found in Ireland and elsewhere, were used for ornaments of some kind. More than this, we have no satisfactory proof of the date to which such objects ascend; and there have been students, who have attributed many of them to a period considerably more recent than the primitive Celtic times.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.*

As Prussia has so recently invited military Europe to inspect the forces with which she purposes to cope with Louis Napoleon when he undertakes to avenge Waterloo upon the third of the great Powers, it may not be beside the question to investigate the condition of that army and its probable chances of success.

Great credit is certainly due to Prussia for the energy she has displayed since 1815. Having a wretched strategic frontier, a wide and scattered territory, and a population of but seventeen millions, she has yet been enabled to hold in her hand a force of nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand men ready at very short notice to meet an invader. The magnificent army which Frederick the Great assembled, though the less said about his *modus operandi* the better, was utterly destroyed by the battle of Jena, and the humiliating evacuation of the fortresses which ensued. In this moment of national degradation, when Na-

* *The Prussian Army and its Regulations*. (Die Preussische Armee, deren Einrichtungen, &c.) By H. von Kalkstein. (Müller, Berlin; Franz Thümm, London.)

pooleon arrogantly commanded that Prussia should not have more than forty thousand men under arms, Gneisenau fortunately came to the rescue, and a system of universal conscription was introduced. The French stipulations were cleverly evaded by repeated furloughs of drilled troops and draughts of recruits, so that the number of men capable of bearing arms in Prussia was greatly increased. The result was shown at Kulm, and in the defeat of Vandamme. It has, however, been somewhat unfairly concluded that the Prussian "volunteers" won the day; for Marmont testifies to the fact in his memoirs, that the men whom Vandamme led to defeat were utterly untrained recruits, hastily collected in France, and driven like sheep to the slaughter, while, on the other hand, the Prussians had been hard at work drilling for nearly seven years off and on.

Since the termination of the great war Prussia has undergone no territorial aggrandisement, and hence no marked changes have taken place in the organization of the army, save that the present King, perhaps doubtful of the working of the system, has given a more prominent place to the regular army. The system existing in Prussia is unique, and theoretically has been found to work well, and in so far differs from the conscription that, whereas in France a man may escape by drawing a high number, in Prussia every man, from the heir-apparent to the son of the lowest peasant, is bound to serve the state under arms for a certain period of his life. As a general rule Prussians are compelled to serve in the regular army for three years, from the age of twenty-one to twenty-four; after which they are enrolled for two further years in the reserve, from which they pass straight into the *Landwehr*, or militia of the first levy. Hence, as a rule, the latter regiments are the finest-looking in the service, being composed of muscular, well-knit men, while the Guards and Line regiments are made up of boys, as was remarked by more than one of the English and other officers present at the recent review. Since 1851 each *Landwehr* regiment has formed a brigade with its corresponding Line regiment, and supernumerary officers have been attached to the latter to command the *Landwehr*, in the event of their being called out. So admirable are the arrangements that within four days the Prussian army could be doubled in strength.

One of the marked characteristics of the Prussian army is its sedentary nature: a regiment remains for years in the town of the district whence it derives its recruits. With the exception of the Guards, who are drawn from the whole of the State, the Line regiments are recruited from districts; and as the regiment never changes its quarters during peace, the men are all thoroughly acquainted. That the system is a bad one admits of no doubt; but it hardly allows alteration, for the Prussian army is so truly national, and so naturally connected with the stationary *Landwehr*; and again, the government have no money to spare for changes of garrison. The officers and non-commissioned officers, consequently, are generally married men, and this, again, must be detrimental to the service.

There is another class of conscripts to whom we may refer, called the one-year volunteers. They are members of the higher classes, who receive no pay and provide their own outfit, on condition of serving but for one year. They are frequently attached to the garrisons of university towns, and attend lectures simultaneously with drill. They are allowed to pay substitutes to mount guard for them, and take lessons in private from the non-commissioned officers, in order not to be delayed by the other

recruits. If any of our readers happen to be acquainted with a Prussian officer, let them ask him what he thinks of these volunteers, whom the regulars most heartily detest. Of course, as the period of service is so short, the amount of drill knocked out of the recruits is something wonderful: they are at it from morning till night. But with all the teaching, practical and theoretical, these young fellows do not come up to the *beau idéal* of a soldier: they are, in fact, superior to their work. The Prussian army is the most moral in the world; crime is almost unknown among the soldiers; but, unfortunately, those qualities would weigh but little against the impetuous charge of the *Zouaves*. The last time the Prussians took the field was in 1849, against the *Radois* insurgents; and although they had everything in their favour, and had only a military excursion to make, these youngsters fell out by hundreds. From this reason, then, we think that Prussia would undoubtedly be defeated in a first campaign; for soldiers cannot be hardened to privations at a moment's notice. Compel these delicately-nurtured young men to camp out for a month, and the presence of an enemy would hardly be needed to complete their demoralization.

The flower of the Prussian army, the troops on whom Government must rely, if they wish successfully to resist a French invasion, are the *Landwehr* of the first levy. It is difficult to decide on their merits, for they have been as much decried on one hand as they have been unduly praised on the other; but we are justified in considering them superior to any militia or national guard in Europe. Of course they are not troops to send on a distant expedition, but we believe that they would be found equal to our volunteers in the event of an invasion. It would certainly be far better for Prussia were her army composed entirely of regulars; but her population is so small, that such a condition is impossible, and the creation of the *landwehr* may therefore be regarded as an eminently practical measure.

The *Landwehr* of the second levy are composed of men exclusively past the age of thirty-five, who cannot be ordered to cross the frontier, but would be employed for garrisoning the fortresses. They would only be called out in a case of vital necessity, for the sacrifices they would be expected to make are frightful. When under arms, both levies accept the same organization as the army, and receive pay and rations from Government. During peace the second levy are not called out to exercise, but the lists are carefully kept up, so that their mobilization would require but a short period. The last time they were under arms was in 1850, and many defects were discovered, which have since been removed. However, the second levy militia cannot be regarded as an important factor of the national defences, except in so far as they liberate other troops, and thus the entire male strength of the country can be brought to bear upon the invader.

In one respect great credit is due to the Prussian authorities; they have paid the most unremitting attention to all improvements introduced into other armies. They have their rifled cannon, about whose value a controversy is still going on as about our Armstrongs, and the whole of the men are armed with the needle-gun, which Prussians declare to be the queen of portable firearms. Its merits are certainly great: the gun can be fired five rounds in a minute; it possesses considerable range, and the soldier can load without exposing himself; at the same time, percussion caps are entirely done away with, and any of our readers who have fumbled over those pestilent little things on a cold wet day will understand the blessing

of getting rid of them. On the other hand, the needle-gun has the inevitable defect of all breech-loaders; after a while the component parts do not work with the requisite accuracy, and the mechanism is liable to get out of order. During the Schleswig-Holstein campaign the troops armed with the needle-gun found themselves obliged to fire under the arm, as it was impossible to set the gun to the cheek, owing to the gunpowder flashing through the opening. Then, again, rapidity of fire is no great advantage for young troops, as they are apt to blaze away and expend their ammunition. Lastly, it is a very doubtful point whether great accuracy of firing is necessary for ordinary troops; and the Emperor Napoleon is so fully of that opinion that he has ordered the sights to be removed from the rifles of his own regiments. Hence, we do not believe that the needle-gun would produce, in a general action, greater results than our own much-abused Enfield, which, for simplicity and effect, is exactly the weapon that should be placed in the hands of the privates.

In one point the Prussians are undoubtedly inferior to the French, and that is in their artillery, in spite of all the efforts they have made to improve it. The Italian campaign has produced an entirely new phase in warfare, and we now see that actions are gained by the concentration of artillery fire, followed up by dashing bayonet charges. The Imperial howitzers dealt destruction among the Austrian ranks; and when the decisive moment came, and the *Zouaves* dashed forward with their awe-inspiring yell, the Austrians, already half-demoralized, did not await the attack, but fled in wild disorder. For a long time a rivalry has been going on between artillery and rifles; now one, then the other, gained the upper hand; but the Emperor of the French appears to give the palm definitively to rifled cannon. Now, the Prussian army, when the whole of the artillery is organized, has only a strength of thirty-seven thousand men, with a grand total of eight hundred and sixty-four guns; while the French artillery on the war establishment is nearly sixty thousand strong, with close on twelve hundred guns. We have seen what the French guns can do, and doubt is no longer permissible about their value; while that of the Prussian rifled ordnance is as much in abeyance as the efficiency of our Armstrong guns. We know, on undeniable authority, that during the Chinese war the latter proved as dangerous to friend as foe, owing to the leaden coating "stripping" off the projectile and falling among the men over whose heads it was fired; but nothing is known of the Prussian rifled cannon, except the arguments for and against, both probably charged with equal exaggeration, which have been put forward by military pamphleteers.

On another point, too, the Prussians are very far behindhand: they possess none of those splendid light troops who decide the fate of modern actions. They have, it is true, about ten thousand troops called "*Chasseurs*," very good marksmen, but far inferior to the French light infantry in the endurance of fatigue. Many young men of good family enlist in this rifle corps, but they have not the training or stamina to cope with the dashing French rifleman, who has been inured to fatigue and diversity of climate from the moment that he entered the army. In the two great conditions of modern warfare, the Prussians, consequently, are inferior to the French. Of the cavalry we need say nothing, for that arm is equally bad in both armies; and as we know that Napoleon left his cavalry almost entirely idle in Italy, and has serious thoughts of abo-

lishing them altogether, the fate of the next campaign will not be left to depend on them.

There is another point sadly neglected in the Prussian army—the land transport system. Probably the Prussian troops are as dependent as the English on the Commissariat, and vital consequences would result from a break-down in that quarter; but the Government, being compelled to practise the closest economy, have allowed this important branch to fall into decay. There is very little doubt that the result of Solferino was in great measure owing to the fact that the French went into action after enjoying a good breakfast of hot coffee, while the Austrians had been fasting for nearly six-and-thirty hours; but, in spite of these and similar warnings, the Prussians have never found heart to place this branch on a proper basis. It may be argued that, as they would fight on their own ground, they would suffer less from this deficiency; but that is a broken reed to depend upon, for the French possess a unique talent in exhausting the resources of a country, and would be in the field, with their numerous *corps d'armée*, long before the Prussians, slow to action from the very nature of their military institutions, could have called their troops together. From these and other causes, then, we must reluctantly arrive at the conclusion that the Prussians would not have the slightest chance of success if opposed to the French, and even a more disastrous defeat than that of Jena would be the result. People are very fond of ignoring the lessons of history, and fancying that because the Prussians marched into Paris, they might hold their own against France; but the parallel does not hold good. The French army, taking it altogether, is now the finest in the world: the men have been inured to fatigue, and through recent successes march into the field with the prestige of victory. No comparison can be instituted between them and the weak, reluctant recruits whom the first Napoleon alone could bring into action. Even with the greatest efforts, and by calling out every man capable of bearing arms, Prussia would hardly be able to bring together 750,000 men; while Napoleon has more than two-thirds that number ready to take the field at a moment's notice. His compact, well organized corps would cross the Rhine at several points, sweep before them the hurriedly banded troops the Prussians could dispose of; and the treaty of peace would be signed in Berlin.

While expressing this opinion, it must not be supposed, however, that we depreciate the efforts Prussia has made to attain and hold her present grand position among the great Powers. If we refer to the census of 1847, we find that there were in Prussia, in addition to Guards, Line, Landwehr, &c., two hundred and forty thousand men, so far trained to the management of arms, that they could be employed in war. Owing to the system of centralization, both Austria and France can bring much larger armies into the field, and in a much shorter period, than can Prussia: but we cannot repress our admiration at the sight of so small a population prepared to make such fearful sacrifices to repulse the invader.

With such evidence before us, we must not feel surprised that the King of Prussia should have accepted the invitation to Compiègne, or at the results that may emanate from it. Time was when united Germany could have resisted the might of Napoleon, with some slight chance of success; but it has gone, never to return. Any strength Austria may have once possessed, has been torn from her by the consequences of the Italian campaign—not so much in the defeat of her veterans as in the

aspirations which that defeat produced among the nationalities composing the strange unwieldy complex called Austria. Moreover, the senseless struggle that has been going on between the two German Powers for the supremacy, has borne fruit in a jealousy, which causes the Prussians to rejoice at the downfall of Austria, and Austrians to be now feverishly awaiting in their turn the moment, probably not so far distant, when the Prussian eagle will be trailed through the dust. As for the rest of Germany, it may be left out of consideration: formidable though it be through its numbers on paper, the army of the Confederation possesses no cohesion, while the regiments are actuated by such mutual jealousy that they would be coerced into inaction by the invader.

Is there no hope, then, for Prussia? None, we fear, save from the magnanimity of the conqueror. The French journals have received their *mot d'ordre*, and are already alluding to the rectification of the French frontier toward the Rhine, and hinting that Prussia might receive compensation elsewhere. And while events are marching onward to fruition, the Prussians seem utterly blind to their manifest destiny. We have recently returned from Berlin, and it was positively sickening to listen to the chauvinism all ranks of the army displayed: the only thing to be compared with it was the hectoring of the troops before they marched into France under the Duke of Brunswick, and were so soon taught to sing to a different tune at Longwy. Instead of preparing for what is inevitable, the Prussians are singing their patriotic war-songs, and bemusing themselves with white beer, as if the enemy were thousands of leagues away. Last year they were in a most undignified panic; but now that the danger has blown over, their courage has returned. The poor idiots actually imagine that their martial attitude has created an impression on the dark, inscrutable Lord of the Tuileries, and that he will think twice ere attacking them. They will be only too soon aroused from their dream of fancied security: let but the famine extend in France, and Louis Napoleon will be compelled to supply his nation with glory as a substitute for bread; and the French are so strangely constituted that they will readily accept it. Next to the belief in his own invincibility, the true Frenchman's article of faith is hatred for Prussia: for it was Blücher who cut the Gordian knot of negotiation and compelled the allies to follow him to Paris; and it was the same Blücher who swore by his meerschaum-pipe—a mysterious and much meaning oath, sacred name of a pipe!—to hang Napoleon high as Haman, could he but catch him, and would have kept his word. Nothing would wash out the insult but placing a rope round the neck of the statue of "that" Blücher, and dragging him through the streets, as the Romans heretofore dealt with the statue of Sejanus.

The Prussians are suffering from a most unhealthy delusion. They will not see that they have remained stationary during the thirty years' peace, and that, with the exception of the inglorious campaign of 1848, and the equally unsatisfactory invasion of Baden, in the following year, their generals have had no school to learn the practical art of war. While the French generals have had constant practice in Algiers, in the Crimea, in Italy, and most of the great names of the military *fasti* of the Lower Empire are borne by comparatively young men, there is not a general officer worth speaking of in Prussia who is not fitter for his bed than for his charger. In the event of a campaign the command-in-chief would devolve on the King,

for he is sweet on his military lore; but where did he acquire it? In shooting down his fellow-citizens at the barricades of Berlin, and in a few paltry actions with a handful of rebels in Baden. He has one thing in his favour, certainly: he would have for his opponent the Emperor Napoleon, who cannot afford to allow any general to become too great a man, and who did not evince any excessive strategic ability at Magenta; but he is a clever man, and not even his dearest friend can say that of King William I. He is a soldier, and nothing more; he has an immense idea of the divine right of kings, and a true German pig-headedness; in fact, it may be said of him, as of the Bourbons, that he has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. It is his mania to convert Prussia into a military nation, and he entertains some vague hopes of reintroducing the reign of the sword instead of that of the pen, in which he will signally fail, should he ever attempt it; and he feels spiteful towards England, because his son happens to possess a mamma-in-law who will not see her daughter put upon. In short, he is just the man to be cajoled by a Napoleon, and purchase security at the expense of his honour.

EAST LYNNE.*

The authoress of *East Lynne* has not failed to produce an interesting and exciting story. Generally speaking, our fair countrywomen perpetrate the novel with the idea of inculcating some great moral lesson. Mrs. Wood is of course so far conversant with the etiquette of lady literature that she does not fail to parade her moral. But it is easy to see that her proper vocation is that of a genuine storyteller. All the favourite circumstances of romance are carefully preserved. We have love, murder, elopements, a trial, an election, heroines of the most radiant loveliness, and villains of the blackest dye. The hero is the only unheroical personage. He is a country solicitor, who presents the generally impracticable combination of an enormous practice and the finest moral sense. He is scarcely willing to undertake any client who cannot produce a certificate of character. He is the embodiment of all sober virtues. The incidents are startling, and we should be tempted to say exaggerated, if recent events had not shown us how the romance of books pales before the romance of reality. There is no scene equal to that where Mr. Roberts lures Major Murray into his chambers in Northumberland Street; or those where the Honourable Mrs. Yelverton figures on the Bosphorus; or where Mr. Guinness Hill entrusts a child to a nurse extemporized at midnight in Windmill Street. The interest that belongs to these pages is mainly tragic, and sometimes is to our mind more of a revolting than delicate description. The characters, with one or two remarkable exceptions, are rather of a traditional description. But a subtle analysis of motive and character is scarcely attempted, and the work suggests subjects of ethical interest on which an adequate attention is scarcely bestowed.

The Earl of Mount Severn, with an enormous rent-roll, is overwhelmingly in debt. The estate of East Lynne is an unentailed portion of his property, which he resolves to sell secretly. Mr. Carlyle the wealthy solicitor, meets the Earl in reference to the purchase, and is thrown for a few hours into the society of his only child, the Lady Isabel Vane. (The

* *East Lynne*. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Three Vols, 21s. 6d. (Bentley.)

young lady is endowed with even more than the traditional loveliness of heroines. She has also been brought up by a judicious governess, and is represented as being benevolent, sensitive, generous, and considerate. The same day witnesses her introduction to Francis Levison, and the events of the story are shadowed by his breaking her mother's cross. This is the first instance that we meet of a considerable dash of superstition that pervades the work, and which appears to be a genuine characteristic of the authoress. The Earl sells the East Lynne estate to Mr. Carlyle, but stays there as his guest; and the young lady and the model lawyer are thrown much together. Lord Mount Severn dies suddenly of gout. He is so deeply involved in debt, that his body was seized; and no settlement having been made, his only child is left without a sixpence. She goes to reside with the successor to the title, whose vain wife is so irritated by the admiration her beauty excites, that she boxes the ears of her lady-guest. An accidental visit from Mr. Carlyle finds her indignant and distressed. A sudden offer brings on a sudden marriage. On her part it was scarcely a marriage of affection; if anything, she was in love with Francis Levison; but her husband's noble character wins more and more upon her regard and admiration.

Another group of personages must now be mentioned, and these demand a preliminary statement. A year or two before, a murder had been committed near East Lynne. The evidence seemed overpowering against a son of Justice Hare's, and the young man himself had fled the country. His father, the magistrate, is a kind of bucolic Brutus, whose utmost anxiety it is to make out his son's *mitimus* on the charge of murder. His sister is the provincial beauty, a little of the Dutch cheese order, desperately in love with Mr. Carlyle, and with so little self-control that she reveals the fact to him after he is married to Isabel Vane. It so happens that Richard Hare, the supposed murderer, secretly makes his appearance upon the scene, and fully persuades his mother and sister of his innocence. The mother being a confirmed invalid, Barbara frequently sees Mr. Carlyle in reference to her brother's case. These frequent meetings arouse Mrs. Carlyle's jealousy, and this is carefully fomented by the machinations of Francis Levison. Stung by jealousy, and yielding to the influences of the old love, she avenges herself on her husband by flying with her lover. While they are abroad, Mr. Carlyle obtains his divorce, and Francis Levison comes in for his baronetcy. He refuses to marry the miserable Isabel, and so legitimize her expected offspring. With every feeling of disgust, disdain, and repentance, she leaves him. In the meantime Mr. Carlyle and Barbara have really become attached lovers. He explains, however, that he cannot marry her, as the Bible forbids that a man should put away his wife and marry another. Accident, however, appears to remove this obstacle. News arrive that Mr. Carlyle's late wife has been killed by a railway accident in France; he accordingly marries Barbara. The lady, however, has not really been killed by the accident. Recovering, she reads her own death recorded in the *Times*; and feeling that she has nothing in the world to live for, she resolves that she will not disturb the impression indicated by the paragraph. She resolves that she will maintain herself as a governess. Having been in a family for a considerable time, and on the point of leaving it, hearing that a governess is required by the Carlyles, she is drawn by an irresistible yearning to her chil-

dren and her former home. Grief has tinged her hair; the accident has crippled her form; a monstrous pair of green spectacles effectually conceals her eyes. She applies, under the name of Madame Vine, for the vacant situation, and is accepted. Arrived at East Lynne, the poor lady finds that she has enforced upon herself a system of insupportable torture. She is obliged to act as a stranger towards her children, and to witness her husband's constant caresses of the rival who has supplanted her. The monotony of the East Lynne existence is broken by the events of a contested election. The inhabitants persuade Mr. Carlyle to be a candidate, and the Government send down no less a personage than the infamous Francis Levison to oppose him. A series of occurrences brings to light the startling fact that the real perpetrator of the murder attributed to Richard Hare is Sir Francis Levison. He is committed to jail on a charge of murder, having also undergone the preliminary ignominy of being ducked in a green pond by the mob. All the refinements of poetical revenge are exhausted upon the unhappy scoundrel. His hapless victim has now learned thoroughly to despise him, and more than all her ancient love is now revived for her own husband. Her sorrow is augmented by the illness of her eldest boy, who is slowly dying of consumption. The details of his illness and death are told with much pathos and considerable power. The accumulation of misery is too much for Madame Vine, who is heart-broken, and on her deathbed reveals to Carlyle the secret of her identity.

This much may serve as the rough outline of a story of which the plot is better constructed and better sustained than in most works of fiction. We have neglected to particularize the minor characters, one or two of which are distinctly and effectively drawn. The old maid of the story is good, though rather of a conventional type, and with a remarkable likeness to various other old maids whose acquaintance we have formed in the course of our perusals of British fiction. But it is with the absence of serious purpose, or rather with the unsatisfactory manner in which questions of serious import are treated, that we are most dissatisfied. We must also say that the passage in which Sir Francis Levison is prepared for anything, rather than to oppose Mr. Carlyle at West Lynne, approaches nearer to profanity than anything we recollect to have met with in a lady's writings for a very long time.

The main purport of the volume is as a contribution to the sad subject, which is, receiving constant illustration from the Court of Sir Cresswell Cresswell. We perceive that even the poetical justice which we expect to find in works of fiction is too coarse and rough to be able to adjust properly degrees of guilt and punishment. We confess that of the two wives our sympathies rather go with the first. When we leave the married life of Isabel for that of Barbara, we feel that we have left a rarer, sweeter, deeper nature for one that is comparatively vulgar and uninteresting. It is true that Isabel falls, while Barbara remains steadfast; but then Barbara's avowal of love for the married Carlyle, together with the entire absence of any conscientious endeavour at a self-conquest, causes her not remotely to approximate to the offence. Moreover, Barbara has not been tempted like her unhappy rival. We are puzzled why the temptation proved so potent with Lady Isabel. We can only account for it on the theory that she has received a vicious education, or has been wretchedly neglected. It would be worth a woman's while

to explain how the education and circumstances of the day almost appear to be drawing woman into greater familiarity and danger of this most deadly sin. What is the fault in training or in society, that is to account for the foul and spreading blot of immorality? Mrs. Wood is quite untroubled by such speculations. She is not morbidly earnest to inculcate a purpose. Conventional ethics are to her quite satisfying. She assures us generally that Isabel Vane has been "judiciously" educated. We should like to know what Mrs. Wood's notion of a judicious education may happen to be. What can that training be worth, which, at the moment of extreme temptation, is utterly unable to oppose any barrier to the tide?

The theology of the work is furthermore open to grave exception. Madame Vine, in her torturing position at the Carlyles, complains that she has taken up her cross, but that it is too heavy for her and is killing her. Now sacred and pregnant language ought not to be used in this unmeaning way. It is the experience of most men, as they advance in life, that there is a daily cross, in full, sad, and earnest meaning, and it is well for them if they can fully learn and rightly use this knowledge. But a human being has no right voluntarily to place herself in a false and miserable position, and then talk of taking up her cross. Isabel Vane deserts the plain path of duty, the path of faith, repentance, and good works, to place herself in a position that is, no doubt, highly romantic, but one which is in the last degree indelicate, and involving the necessity of constant subterfuge and falsehood. The authoress, with feminine tact, perceives the full impropriety, but, oddly enough, this has not prevented the language which we have referred to. Those who wish to see how the same subject can be handled in a good, pure, wise spirit by the hand of genius, should compare with this mere storyteller's narrative the lofty strain of the final music of the *Idylls of the King*. This poor crushed woman, unlike Guinevere, is not by her husband's presence roused into nobler life; does not

"In the darkness o'er her fallen head
Perceive the wavings of the hands that bless."

We would venture to recommend Mrs. Wood, when next she writes such a story, to study the pure and finished model she may find. Or rather we would express a hope that her subject may be something else than the violation of the seventh commandment, a theme which is not very edifying and probably not very innocent.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Stokesley Secret. By the Author of *The Hair of Redclyffe*, &c. (Mozley.) To a child perplexed with a moral difficulty, whether it be how far it is right to tease one's brothers and sisters for their own good, or to what extent may aesthetic taste for the beautiful be justifiably developed into actual sobbing at the general bearishness of the world, or any other easy problem which may vex the juvenile conscience, this little tale will, doubtless, prove a valuable aid. Those simple moralities which were preached to us so entertainingly by Miss Edgeworth, as far as we recollect, glided slowly and imperceptibly into our minds, and we doubt if we ever discovered that we had been cheated into a spiritual lesson. But here we have the new order of things—the modern teacher working in the simplest provinces of life, openly preaching, dissecting, and analyzing throughout the whole of the entertainment; sowing wheat and poppy-seed broadcast together, that the crop may be both goodly and gay. The story itself is of the simplest

character, and we cannot complain that it should be so, as the authoress is here, as in her former work, *The Little Duke*, so evidently writing for children. And yet there is an amount of care and vigour employed in the conversational part, and a loving, practical acquaintance with the ins and outs of children's characters evidenced throughout the book, which render it far from wearisome to more blasé imaginations to spend a short time in the riotous school-room at Stokesley with the "pleasant black-eyed young lady" who acts as governess. We understand that it is but a sketch, but the sketch is well done, and the incidents, though trifling in themselves, will serve their intended purpose of drawing out character. But whether it be a wholesome book for a child's mind is quite another question. We cannot but think that meditating on points of right and wrong, even when set forth practically in the form of a tale, is no more likely to lead to the formation of a healthy type of character than pondering on the way to spell a word to perfect orthography. The study of portraits of selfishness in all its varied forms and workings does not tend to root out egotism, but has rather the contrary effect, for thought is thus continually thrown back on self. To be taken out of self, and to be rapt from one marvel of incident to another in the fresh outside world, is far more invigorating and healthful, and, furthermore, the child likes it better. But taking the tale as it is, and regarding it from our own point of view as a study of a phase of domestic life which may come across many of us (in a modified way, we trust; there were nine of them), we must own that it possesses considerable merit. There are several passages, however, which, as we must suppose the book to interpret the mind of the authoress, show in what a very remarkable, if not comical, light she regards externals. For instance, describing the clothing and accoutrements of the three elder girls of the Stokesley family, she says, "They came in dressed for church in the plainest brown hats, black capes, and drab alpaca frocks, rather long, and not very full; not a coloured bow nor handkerchief, not a founce nor fringe, to relieve them, even their books plain brown." What an intensity of commiserative pathos is there in that last sentence, "Even their books plain brown!" To the lack of crinoline is added the culminating misery of nine-penny prayer-books, in the get-up of the Christian Knowledge Society, instead of purple and red and gold volumes from the shelves of Messrs. Masters and Co. No wonder the amiable high-church young lady who conducted their education pitied them, as they turned their wistful eyes on her elegant church-service. We did heartily, and rejoiced to learn that they had morocco ones in store for riper years, which fully accounts for their turning out so well at the end of the book; which sequel likewise proves that we were right in our apprehension that there was but a shady prospect in life for the boy Hal, whose inclinations ran counter to morning service on St. Barnabas' day. We may notice, in conclusion, as a curious oversight, that one of the most important incidents in the life of our favourite hero, David, aged five, is founded on the false assumption that a post-office order can be cashed without the receiver knowing the name of the sender. It is well that the post-office at Bonchamp is in the clouds, or perchance Sir R. Hill might take unfair advantage of this revelation, and visit his sin upon the head of the uninquisitive young man who so lightly parted with the moneys of that establishment.

Saunders, Otley, and Co.'s *Shilling Pocket Overland Guide to India, Australia, &c.* If this be "essentially the age of travel," it is also essentially the days of guide-books. The one peculiarity of this class of literature is the self-complacent assumption of superiority with which it treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. From the classic "Murray," who fixes to a fraction the salary of a well-whiskered courier, or the charges of an aristocratic hotel, down to the humblest handbook to a fifth-rate watering-place, which settles authoritatively the subscription to the local circulating library, or the tariff of the local donkey-boy, the central idea of the *genuis* "guide-book" seems to be the presumed utter incapability of the would-be traveller to think or act in the slightest degree for himself. Indeed, judging

from the general tone of these dogmatic brochures, one would be led to suppose that the parties for whose edification they were compiled had never passed the boundaries of their native heath, or, at best, that their most ambitious peregrinations had been limited by the neighbouring market-town or the county watering-place. Messrs. Saunders and Otley's *Overland Guide*, although undeniably containing much valuable information, is not exempt from this characteristic uniformity. Every page abounds with the most parental advice, and exhibits the most anxious solicitude for the physical, moral, and intellectual welfare of the unsophisticated voyageur. Opening the book haphazard, we come upon the various items of a gentleman's and lady's outfit arranged in parallel columns. To the simple-minded "general reader," it might possibly be a matter of some little surprise that Messrs. Saunders, Otley, and Co. should have thought it necessary to remind gentlemen about to proceed to India or Australia that such articles as coats, shirts, collars, boots, and toothbrushes might possibly add to their personal comfort during a two or three months' voyage; but when he comes to peruse attentively the elaborate list of necessities appertaining to the male and female toilet, he cannot fail to be lost in wonderment at the colossal, not to say daring, genius of the omniscient individual who first formed the conception of such a philosophical and symmetrical arrangement. There is a mathematical exactitude and an arithmetical proportion about this double column worthy of Senior Wrangler. We cannot resist the temptation of investing a few examples with an appropriate formula,—e.g. As "twenty-four shirts (all long-cloth)": "twelve calico chemises": "twelve shirts (linen fronts)": "six cambric ditto." Again; As "two pairs of Paris kid gloves": "three pairs kid gloves" + "three pairs white ditto": "five ditto cotton gloves" (Paris dress cotton gloves! *Di prohibete piis errorumque hostibus illum!*): "two pairs white ditto," &c. Apart, however, from the consideration of the happy proportion existing between the resources of the male and female wardrobe, an interest of a purely speculative character attaches to a more rigorous investigation of the various items of the mysterious classification. In the first place, albeit altogether disclaiming any impertinent curiosity into the *arcana* of the *boudoir*, we must object to the exhaustiveness of Messrs. Saunders and Otley's catalogue, that it contains no mention of *crinoline*, unless, indeed, that important item be prefigured under the delicate euphemism of "corded ditto." Again, we wish to know—on purely economic grounds—why "two pairs of lady's cambric unmentionables (trimmed)" should be quoted at 11s., when three pairs of cambric ditto (we presume untrimmed) are to be had for 10s. 6d.? Finally, what on earth is meant by "two air-tight cases for dresses, with covers"? We have heard of covers for umbrellas, chairs, tables, &c., but a lady's "dress with cover" is to us a novelty. Assuming, however, that all these heterogeneous necessities have been laid in, and our traveller fairly embarked, our "Guide-book" proceeds to give sundry hints as to his mode and manner of life on shipboard, some of which are pithy and amusing enough. Judging from such as the following:—"Keep all your boxes in your cabin locked, whenever you have occasion to leave it."—"Let your name be written in all your books, otherwise you are likely to lose them"—and, "If you can afford to have a cabin to yourself, keep it as much to yourself as possible," &c., one would be almost inclined to suppose that a sea-voyage had a tendency to confuse the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. The most useful part of the volume is undeniably a well-digested *résumé* of probable expenses of the various routes, including hotel charges, freight, passage, &c.; but Heaven preserve us from the list of books recommended by Messrs. Saunders and Otley's scribe for our perusal during the monotony of a two months' voyage!

A *Letter on the Figure of the Earth*. Addressed to G. B. Airy, Esq., M.A., Astronomer Royal. By Johannes von Gumpach. "A million's worth of property and five hundred lives annually lost at sea by the theory of gravitation!" Such is the astounding prefix to a pamphlet sent to us by Herr von Gumpach, in which it is attempted, on grounds of theoretic and experimental science, to overthrow in

one bold sweep the whole fabric of established belief in physical and cosmical astronomy, and to fasten upon Newton, as the responsible parent of the accepted theory of gravitation, the crime of constructive manslaughter to the extent of five hundred lives annually, added to a commercial loss of as many millions as the theory has run years! Of all revolutions which the bold subversive spirit of our age has threatened, commend us to our German correspondent for the most startlingly original and uncompromising. Not long ago we were called upon to note the last preposterous claim of a muddled mathematician to the visionary glory of having squared the circle: and if we failed, in a matter of strictly demonstrative science, to bring home to our friend's apprehension the fallacy that misguides him from first to last, how shall we hope to force conviction upon a no less self-betrayed illusionist, whose thesis involves the mixed consideration of experimental with abstract reasoning? The figure of the earth, he argues, has been subjected to erroneous calculations; for, by the help of the very figures obtained by geodetists from actual admeasurement, it may be shown that our globe, instead of being elliptically prolate at the equator, in the shape of an orange, is, in truth, like a lemon—more distended through the poles. The theory universally received since the days of the *Principia*, on which the entire practice of nautical astronomy and practical navigation has been made to rest, is traced by him to an erroneous measure of the arcs both of latitude and longitude. Every existing chart and sea-route having been elaborated under the assumption of this hypothesis, it follows that the locality of rocks, shoals, and other maritime dangers, has all along been misplaced in greater or less degree: the amount of error in many cases extending to more than five miles and upwards, in the vessel's course. Estimating the proportion of loss to be assigned to so extensive a source of error in the registered average of marine casualties, it is easy to exhibit the appalling total which heads his brochure, as the constant inevitable percentage of disaster due to the orthodox fallacy of *gravitation*. We are comforted, however, concerning our mariners and underwriters, threatened as they are by our would-be scientific alarmist, even if our reflection fails to appease his own misgivings on behalf of science and humanity. For it is obvious that, be Mercator exact or not in projecting nominally the unseen peril at a certain degree or minute in latitude or longitude, the navigator, guided by the same calculations, will be equally well advertised of its proximity. Little matters it whether the string which measures the distance to the buried treasure from your door, give its secret tale in yards or furlongs, so you can go over the ground with the identical length in your hand: The man who finds his way to the Bank, through a fog, by the number of crossings, will get there all the same, however far out he may be in the calculation of mere mileage. But, this simple consideration apart, all anxiety, we need hardly say, will be dispelled, by going with a little care over our author's premises. It is not true that "all plumb-lines or normals to the surface of the earth, prolonged, intersect each other in the earth's centre." Were it so, neither his lemon, nor our orange, but a billiard-ball would be its familiar analogue. Nor, if he will but accommodate his point of view to Sir John Herschel's and take his measure of curvature from *without* instead of *within* the circumference, will he find reason to challenge that philosopher's, and all educated men's, belief in the decrease of the earth's sphericity towards the poles. The slight deviations between the observed and calculated figure of the globe, on which he lays so much stress, are adequately, if not yet perfectly explained, by minute unavoidable errors of observation, combined with local inequalities of surface and mass, caused probably by the operation of the earth's cooling.

Partnership; a Story of the Commercial Crisis of '57. (Hall, Virtue, and Co.) It is in the lot of a reviewer to have read bad books, but it is seldom that he is called upon to wade through such a mass of nauseous and unwholesome matter as is contained in this volume. We candidly confess we have not read it through; in fact, that we have been utterly unable to do so. The book is beneath contempt;

too foolish to excite a smile, too feeble to excite anger. The English is bad, the tone is bad, the spelling is bad, and everything is bad. The language in some parts is unquotably disgusting; and we may illustrate the originality of the book by such aphorisms as the following:—"As each year rolls over our heads, 'tis another of our life gone;" "Money is doubtless the ruin of many." The only real piece of wisdom throughout the volume consists in the absence of the author's name.

Seasoning for a Seasoner; or, the New "Gradus ad Parnassum." A Satire, by Brook B. Stevens. (Tribner.) This satire upon a satire, this Austinate against Austin, reminds one somewhat of Swift's well-known lines:—

"So naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed ad infinitum.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind."

We are sorry that Mr. Stevens should have wasted his time in writing these clever verses on such a subject. Mr. Austin is probably repenting him of his late absurdities, and it is inconsiderate to recall them. The public is willing to forget them, in the hope that he will write something worth reading at a future day. Let Mr. Stevens beware of falling into the folly of the writer whom he is attacking.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Abstract of Public General Acts, 1861, 8vo, 4s. 6d. Macdonald.
Bayley (W. H.), Handbook of the Slide Rule, 12mo, 6s. Bell.
Black's Map of British Colonies of Australia, 10s. 6d. and 14s.
Brooks (Shirley), Silver Cord, second edition, 3 vols, post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Bradbury.
Cabinet Pictures from Modern Painters, folio, 12s. Low.
Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, by Taylor, fourteenth edition, royal 8vo, 15s. H. G. Bohn.
Childs (G. F.), Singular Properties of the Ellipsoid and Associated Surfaces of the Northern Degree, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Macmillan.
Clarke (A.), Commentary on Old and New Testament, vol. iv., royal 8vo, 10s. 6d. Tegg.
Clarke (C. P.), Acts and Writings of the Apostles, vol. i., post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Bell.
Cornish's Guide to Birmingham and its Manufactures, 12mo, 1s.
De Porquet (L. P.), Le Trésor, L'Ecole Française, thirty-ninth edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Simpkin.
Family Save-All, a System of Secondary Cookery, second edition, post 8vo, 2s. 6d. Kent.
Farrar (F. W.), Eric, or Little by Little, fifth edition, 12mo, 5s.
Farrar (F. W.), Julian Home, second edition, 12mo, 5s.
Frauentell's Cook's Guide, and Housekeeper and Butler's Assistant, second edition, post 8vo, 5s. Bentley.
Gabriele, a Tale, by S. B. C. D., square 16mo, 3s. 6d. Hamilton.
General Orders, Bankruptcy, with Rules, &c., 12mo, Stevens.
Glover (F. R.), England the Remnant of Judah, and Israel of Ephraim, 8vo, 6s. 6d. Rivington.
Green (Jas.), Reward of Piety, Sketch of his Life by Day, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Hamilton.
Gurney (A.), Restoration or Completion of the Reformation, 8vo, 2s.
Gurney (Joseph), Thoughts on Habit and Discipline, seventh edition, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Hamilton.
Handy-book of the Animal Kingdom, illustrated by Coleman, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Ward and Lock.
Handy-book of Sky, Earth, Air, and Water, illustrated by Coleman, 12mo, 1s. 6d.
Handy-book of Vegetable Kingdom, illustrated by Coleman, 12mo, 1s. 6d.
Hazlitt and Roche's Bankruptcy Act, with Rules and Orders, 12mo, 12s. 6d. Stevens.
Hempton (J.), Siege and History of Londonderry, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Simpkin.
Herschel (Sir J.), Telescope, from the "Encyclopedia Britannica," 12mo, 3s. 6d.
Horace, Art of Poetry, Latin and English Notes, by H. G. Robinson, 12mo, 2s. Simpkin.
Hulke (J.), Practical Treatise on Use of Ophthalmoscope, 8vo, 8s. Churchill.
Jacques (Rev. J.), The Gospel the only True Foundation of Morality, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Rivington.
Milton (John), Prophecy of "Essays and Reviews," 8vo, 1s. Westerton.
Old Manor's Heir, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.
Owen (R.), Paleontology, second edition, 8vo, 16s. Black.
Palgrave (F.), Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrical Poems, second edition, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Macmillan.
Parker (R.), Devout Souls' Daily Exercise, new edition, 32mo, 1s. Hughes.
Parlour Library: Olive, 12mo, 2s. C. H. Clark.
Pepps (Lady C.), Domestic Sketches in Russia, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. Hurst and Blackett.

Perry (R.), Contributions to an Amateur Magazine, second edition, post 8vo, 8s. 6d. Rivington.
Peverley and Hunt's Bankruptcy Act, third edition, with Rules and Orders, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Houlston.
Price (A. C.), God's Dealings with the Church, Sermons, 12mo, 2s. Davidson.
Rank and Talent of the Time, a new edition of "Dictionary of Biography," post 8vo, 6s. Griffin.
Reynolds (J. R.), Epilepsy, its Symptoms and Treatment, 8vo, 10s. Churchill.
Richardson's Handbooks, new editions: Land Drainage, Rural Architecture, Domestic Fuel, 1s. each. J. Hughes.
Riddles and Jokes, compiled by Edmund Routledge, 12mo, 1s. Routledge.
Ritchie (J. E.), Night Side of London, third edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Tinsley.
Rosa, a Story for Girls, from the French of Mme. De Pressensé, 12mo, 2s. Routledge.
Ruff's Guide to the Turf, Autumn edition, 12mo, 1s. 6d.
Sala (G. A.), Dutch Pictures, with some Sketches, Flemish Manners, post 8vo, 3s. Tinsley.
Scott (Sir W.), Waverley Novels, People's Edition, 5 vols., royal 8vo, 42s.
Soyer's Modern Housewife, new edition, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Simpkin.
Stanford (C.), Joseph Alleine, his Companions and Times, 8vo, 7s. 6d. Jackson and Walford.
Swinhoe (H.), Narrative of Campaign in Northern China, 1860, 8vo, 12s. Smith and Elder.
Taylor (Isaac), Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Bell.
Thomson (Jas.), Seasons, edited by R. Bell, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Griffin.
Tollhunter (J.), Elementary Treatise on Theory of Equations, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Macmillan.
Trotter (C.), Designs for Sepulchral Monuments, folio, 30s. Atchley.
Tracts for Priests and People, No. 8: Chretien (C. P.), Evidence for those who Think, post 8vo, 1s.
Useful Library: Holdsworth's New Bankruptcy Law, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
Webster and Wilkinson's Greek Testament, with Notes, vol. II, 8vo, 21s. Parker.
Willmott (A.), English Sacred Poetry, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries, 4to, 21s. Routledge.
Wilson's Companion to Holy Communion, 32mo, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Rivington.
Wilson's Sacra Privata, 32mo, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Rivington.
Zadkiel's Astronomical Ephemerides, 1862-4, 12mo, 2s. Berger.

THE SHAKESPERE GARDENS.

We have great pleasure in inserting a letter we have received from Mr. J. O. Halliwell, the well-known Shakesperian scholar, who has written with the view of procuring the purchase of the garden of Shakespere at Stratford-on-Avon, which is to be sold on the 25th of the present month, and which, unless there is a combination on the part of the more liberal members of the community, will go into the hands of some speculator, whose sole object may be to turn his purchase to account, without regard to the sacred associations of the spot. We commend Mr. Halliwell's letter to the careful perusal of our readers, and his laudable generosity to their imitation; we sincerely trust that his appeal may not have been made in vain:—

"Sir,—I entreat you to lend your aid in an endeavour to avert from England a disgrace which, in the judgment of posterity at least, if not in that of our own generation, will be estimated as equalled only by that which would be inflicted by a successful foreign invasion.

"It would have been better if persons of more influence than myself had interfered. As it is, no one else making a sign, my feeble effort in a great cause may not be thought altogether presumptuous; or, at least, an excuse for it may be found in its sincerity and earnestness.

"New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, the spot on which Shakespere passed the last twenty years of his life, and where he died, is not only for peremptory sale on the 25th of this month, but the attraction of its extensive frontage in the town is held out invitingly to speculative builders.

"A volume of sentiment might be written on this threatened desecration. It would not add to the effect of the simple announcement on the mind of any one appreciating the importance of preserving to England, and for the world, this national sanctuary.

"The owners of the property are not to blame. They advertised it first in the name of Shakespere, and there was no response on the part of the public.

They are now trying to make the most of it by selling it as a mere investment. In the former case, £3,000 was asked, and the property was bought in at something like £1,200. It strikes me that, under all circumstances, £1,500 would be now a fair offer on behalf of the public, and a sum that would probably secure it.

"There is no time to collect this sum by dribblets, but surely, among our wealthy classes fifteen persons can be found who will put down their £100 each, and so settle the matter. I should not myself be justified in being one of the fifteen, who must be sought for among persons of wealth, but in one not at all unlikely case I could assist the object in even probably a more effectual manner. If the subscriptions promised are liberal, but still of an inadequate amount, sooner than allow the property to go into the hands of the builders, I would, if the subscribers are content to leave the matter in my hands, advance any sum necessary, not exceeding £400, without interest, for a limited time, hoping and believing that that amount, if time were allowed, could be collected in smaller sums. If not in England alone, I feel sure that remittances for such an object would flow in liberally from the colonies and from America, notwithstanding the present unhappy differences in the latter country.

"It is right, when asking the public for money, to say exactly what will be done with it. I propose, then, as soon as the subscriptions are sufficient to cover the expenses of purchase, to transfer the property to the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, but on the express conditions that the public be always freely admitted, and that no erection of any kind be ever permitted in the gardens. This is the grand thing to guard against—to prevent the spot being messed and cocknoyed. Some years ago it was proposed to raise a monument here to the memory of the poet,—just as if Shakespere wants any monument but that of his works. The only monument I should erect would be one outside the gates of New Place, recording to posterity in enduring marble the honoured names of the fifteen through whose interposition the sacred spot was preserved.

"Those who are inclined to assist in carrying out this object will oblige by at once communicating with me at No. 6, St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, near London. After the sale is over I will duly render an account of my stewardship, and in the meantime, being well acquainted with the locality, it would give me pleasure to answer any inquiries on the subject.

"It must be recollected that time presses. On the 25th (next Friday), if nothing be done to avert the calamity, in all probability the gardens of Shakespere will be handed over to the mercies of the speculator, and before many months are over we shall have tasteless erections of red brick where all should breathe of poetry, the honeysuckle, and the eglantine. Your obedient servant,

J. O. HALLIWELL.

MACAULAY'S ELECTION FOR LEEDS.

II.

WE now proceed with our account of the election for Leeds. On looking over the old newspapers of the period, we are able to perceive the remarkable advance which has been made in every direction. The old stage coaches are still running; criminals are being executed for forgery and sheep-stealing; the Times is below the level of any penny paper of the present time, the modern leading article being almost unknown; the Haymarket is still a market for hay. This fearful Reform excitement is pervading the country, associated with events that have become historical—the firing of ricks, the Bristol riots, the suicide of Brereton, the thrilling scenes at the trials of the misguided rioters. The election at Leeds was prominently before the public, and received considerable attention from the metropolitan press. We think that the impression left by Macaulay's conduct at this time gives an idea of great elevation of character: not many candidates manifested such sturdy self-dependence. In the month of June he paid a visit to Leeds. We learn from the papers that "at half-past eleven (Wednesday, the

13th) Mr. Macaulay reached Leeds, having travelled post from Calne, after his re-election for that borough: he had, of course, travelled all night. Being recognized as he entered the town, he was conducted to the rotunda of the Cloth Hall, where the Committee was sitting; and after receiving their hearty and joyous welcome on his arrival in the town, he drove to the house where he was to stay during the very short time he was able to remain in Leeds. Public and parliamentary business compelled him, we believe, to leave for London the next day. The following is the report of his speech:—

"Gentlemen,—I very much fear that it will be out of my power to vindicate before you the kind and too flattering compliments which my friend Mr. Bower has paid me. I am not certainly unaccustomed altogether to public speaking; but on this occasion I feel an embarrassment such as I never have felt before: the extreme kindness and warmth of that reception which I have met with from you quite overpowers me. The pleasure which I feel on this day is no selfish pleasure, for I well know—indeed, it is impossible it should be otherwise—that your kindness to me arises not from personal considerations, but solely from your firm attachment to those great principles of which I have been a sincere advocate. From the bottom of my heart, Gentlemen, I thank you for the kindness of your reception, and with all sincerity I assure you that if it shall be your pleasure to repose in me that high trust which, uninvited, I should never have presumed to solicit, but which, when offered, I should think it pusillanimity to decline; I can with all sincerity assure you that you shall receive from me, not flattery, not servility, but faithful, careful, and industrious service. I find it difficult to express my gratification at seeing such an assembly convened at such a time. All the history of our own country, all the history of other countries, furnishes nothing parallel to it. Great deliverances have, indeed, at other times been wrought for oppressed nations, but they have generally been wrought by the sword. They have been wrought in the midst of confusion, agitation, confiscation, and massacre. Look at the great events in our own former history, and in every one of them which, for importance, we can venture to compare with the Reform Bill, we shall find something to disgrace and tarnish the achievement. Look, for instance, at that great event which happened on the 15th June six centuries ago, when the Great Charter was signed. It was by the assistance of French arms and of Roman bulls that King John was harassed into giving that charter. Again, in the times of Charles I., how much injustice, how much crime, how much bloodshed and misery did it cost to assert the liberties of England! But in this event, great and important as it is in substance, I confess I think it still more important from the manner in which it has been achieved. Other countries have obtained deliverances equally signal and complete, but in no country has that deliverance been obtained with such perfect peace, so entirely within the bounds of the Constitution, with all the forms of law observed, the government of the country proceeding in its regular course, every man going forth to his labour until the evening;—in no other country, I say, has such a system of abuse been overthrown, or could it have been overthrown, but by a civil war. Frances boasts, and with justice, of her three days of July, when her people rose, the military were attacked, the pavements were torn up, barricades fenced the streets, shops filled with arms were attacked, and the entire population of the capital in arms successfully vindicated their liberties. They boast, and justly, of those three days of July; but I will boast of our ten days of May. I will boast of the great victory achieved at the time when the retirement of Ministers left the great offices of state unoccupied. We, too, fought a great battle, but it was with moral arms; we, too, placed an impassable barrier between ourselves and military tyranny; but we fenced ourselves only with moral barricades. Not one crime committed, not one acre confiscated, not one life lost, not one instance of outrage or attack on the authorities or the laws. Our victory has not left a single family in mourning. Not one single tear, not one single drop of blood, has sullied the pacific and blameless triumph of a great people.

These events we may look upon with just pride, and in looking at them we cannot but feel hope and confidence for our country, hope and confidence for the human race. When it is said that there is danger in extension of power to the people, I say the very manner in which they have attained it is a proof that they will not abuse it. The firmness, the intelligence, the organization, the constitutional and peaceful spirit that they have shown, prove they are entitled to the franchise that is given to them. On these things I reflect with perfect joy. If we had obtained the Reform Bill by arms, I might have doubted if liberty had not been bestowed on a people not fit yet to use it. Now no such doubt is left. The very manner in which victory has been obtained is a pledge that it will be wisely and honourably used. For, Gentlemen, consider that on the use you now make of the power you have obtained depends whether that power shall be a blessing or a curse. Gentlemen, you know well that no institutions, no laws, however good, can make freemen of men who are morally and intellectually in bondage. You know that when vice and vindictive passions prevail, bills of rights, charters, and constitutions, leave men as much slaves as they found them. You know that the true secret of all wisdom is expressed in those noble words uttered by divine wisdom, 'If the truth make you free, you shall be free indeed.' I firmly trust, therefore, that the power now bestowed on the English people will be used in a manner honourable to themselves and tending to promote the public interest. I think I distinctly see before me a long vista of peaceful and happy years, in which the people will be obedient because the Government is liberal, years during which those who lived by abuses, and those who lived by trading on the discontent which abuses generate, will alike find their traffic destroyed—years during which we shall see the people triumphant over both these classes of enemies, who have of late formed a coalition to destroy the Reform Bill—the enemies of all order, and the enemies of all liberty. Gentlemen, with feelings of the most sincere gratitude, and I may add, of friendship and affection, for that town in which I have received such marks of kindness as I feel I could not deserve, I now bid you for a short time farewell. If, as you have given me reason to hope, a permanent connection shall be established between us, it will often be my duty to meet you, and whether we agree or disagree on any public question, I give you my solemn pledge that nothing in my political life shall make me ashamed to look upon you as I look upon you now."

The following is a report of another speech. We transcribe the bye-play and the incidents which are interesting and characteristic enough of a contested election:—

"I am perfectly aware, Gentlemen, that I have not merited those signs of kindness and approbation with which a large part of this great community has thought fit to receive me. But of this, Gentlemen, I am convinced, that I have not, from any part of this great city, or from any part of the people of England, merited an unkind or discourteous reception. I am not aware that in any part of my public conduct I have been guilty—(here interruption was occasioned by some person in the crowd addressing an observation to Mr. Macaulay which he did not distinctly hear; he said)—I should be extremely obliged if the gentleman who makes any animadversions on my conduct will make them openly; let him state what is the charge he brings against me, and I pledge myself to answer it. Gentlemen, the situation in which I stand before you is not one of my own seeking. I never dreamed of soliciting the high and important trust of representative from this great city. But, at the request of many hundreds of persons, I was induced to make my appearance among you, feeling that it would not be modesty, but cowardice, in such times as the present, to avoid a public trust when that trust is offered by honourable and respectable persons. (Renewed disturbance proceeding from the quarter from which the opposition had proceeded at the very commencement of Mr. Macaulay's speech.) Gentlemen, I trust I shall not have to ask for a hearing in vain. (Here the uproar was renewed, and became extremely loud, accompanied by demands that the coach on which Mr. Macaulay spoke should be taken to the front of

the hustings: this was after some time, and with much difficulty, effected, and Mr. Macaulay then resumed his address.) Gentlemen, your enemies have heard me when I spoke in your cause, and I hope you will hear me whilst I address yourselves. The only charge which malice can prefer against me is that which I have seen in a placard on your walls, namely, that I am a placeman. On that subject I trust you will hear a few words. Gentlemen, is it your wish that those persons who are thought worthy of the public confidence should never possess the confidence of the King? Is it your wish that no men should be ministers but those whom no popular places will take as their representatives? By whom, I ask, has the Reform Bill been carried? By Ministers. Who have raised Leeds into the situation to return members to Parliament? It is by the strenuous efforts of a patriotic ministry that that great effect has been produced. I should think that the Reform Bill had done little for the people if not under the service of the people was not consistent with the service of the Crown. Of the placards against me on your walls, all those which descend to details are directly false. It is not true that I have accepted a place of £1500 a year. Under the former Government a seat at the India Board was little better than a sinecure with £1500 a year; under the present Government it will be an efficient office with £1200. It is not true that there is any patronage, or anything whatever, direct or indirect, which swells the value of the place to £2000 a year. I will explain plain to you, Gentlemen, fully, under what circumstances I accepted office. When that excellent and honourable man, and true friend of the people, Lord Althorp, told me that Government desired to see me in that situation, I told him that I would not have accepted it if I thought it was a sinecure; that on that subject I had made the closest inquiry, and that I had found that, though under former Governments it had degenerated into a sinecure, it might be made a most efficient and useful office, and that on a great question, most interesting to humanity, most interesting to trade, most interesting to every feeling and that could interest an honest public man, it would be in my power to render my country greater service in office than I could as an individual member of Parliament. With such feelings and such wishes, Gentlemen, I have accepted office: I will hold it only while I can hold it with honour. My opinions on all great public questions remain unchanged. I do not deny that on some particular questions it may occasionally be desirable and necessary for official men—as it is desirable and necessary for every man, official or not, who co-operates with others—to suspend or to delay for a time pressing forward things on which he thinks most important. That there may be government there must be co-operation; that there may be co-operation there must be compromise. The Reform Bill itself is a compromise. What should we have done if one man, because he was for triennial parliaments—if another, because he was for secret and lot suffrage—if another, because he was for district representation—had each brought forward his own plan, and had not united in support of that plan of which we are met this day to celebrate the triumph? On questions, therefore, on which honest men may make compromise, I will make it, and on no other. But I this I say, that my attachment to the great principles of civil and religious liberty, of freedom of worship, freedom of discussion, and freedom of trade, remains unaltered and unalterable. I accept office because I believe I can act with more efficiency, as I certainly will with undiminished zeal, in support of these great objects. Gentlemen, my only claims, such as they are, are before you. I have no disposition to speak of them boastfully, and still less have I disposition to speak disparagingly, in his absence, of any gentleman who may think fit to engage against me in an object of honourable ambition, and in the pursuit of a great public trust. If there is to be a contest at Leeds, whatever may be its course or its issue, to this I pledge myself, that nothing inconsistent with the conduct of an Englishman or a gentleman, nothing calculated to assail private character, nothing of vindictive feeling, nothing tending to leave a pang in the mind of any man after the election is over, shall be done or said shall be countenanced by me. Gentlemen, whatever claims I have on your support are of a public

notorious kind. [Here considerable interruption was made to Mr. Macaulay's further proceeding, by a person in the crowd asking Mr. Macaulay what he thought of Mr. Sadler's Factory Bill.] Gentlemen, my answer to that question is that I agree with the principle of the Factory Bill. Of its details, knowing nothing myself, I am sorry to say, of the particular operation of the manufacturing system on this subject, I am not able to judge. You are aware that a committee has been appointed, selected, I believe, by Mr. Sadler himself (a voice in the crowd "No, no")—well, be it so, or be it not, I say that to the principle of the Factory Bill I assent. The details of a measure for protecting children from being overworked, and from every kind of cruelty, I cannot pronounce upon; I cannot know what is the extent of the evil till the evidence on this Bill shall be in my hands. It will shortly be in my hands, and I will then give it my best attention. I will give no other pledge than this, that I will assent at any sacrifice to any measure that may seem to me necessary for protecting children from overworking and cruelty; but whether the provisions of Mr. Sadler's Bill be proper and efficient, is a question I cannot determine till I have the evidence before me. This is my answer, and whether it be popular or unpopular, I trust, you will think it fair and open. [Here great disturbance, and a long interruption was produced by Mr. Oastler pushing forward through the crowd, and insisting on being allowed to ask Mr. Macaulay some questions. Great opposition was made to Mr. Oastler being allowed to speak, on the ground that he was not an inhabitant of the borough; he manifested a determination however to be heard, and being seconded by those parties in the crowd who had been listening to his harangues, he struggled to the side of the coach from which Mr. Macaulay was speaking, and at length contrived to get upon it, though at the expense of his coat being torn up to the top of his back. At the same time Mr. Ralph Taylor succeeded, though with much difficulty, in ascending the coach on the opposite side. The roof of the vehicle being now so much crowded as to render standing upon it dangerous, Mr. Macaulay quitted it and ascended the steps of the Cloth Hall, the place from which it had been originally intended that the candidates should speak.]

At this period three cheers were given for Mr. Macaulay and three for Mr. Marshall.

Mr. Macaulay, being here very loudly and generally called for, addressed a few observations to the meeting before it broke up. He said: "Gentlemen, you have heard what are my principles; you have them in writing. I feel I can, with perfect confidence, give you this pledge, that those principles I never will desert. I have held them in bad times, and I shall assuredly not desert them now. Gentlemen, I fully agree with my honourable friend who lately addressed you (Mr. Richardson) in the opinion that the Reform Bill is not an end; it cannot, in its nature, be an end; it can only be a means. Reform of Parliament, like all reforms of Government, is good only so far as it tends to promote the happiness of the great body of the people. I am sure that to an assembly so enlightened as this, it must be obvious that the bad government cannot act directly and suddenly and violently on the comforts of the people; it cannot rain down provisions into their houses, it cannot give them bread and meat and wine; these things they can only obtain by their own honest industry, and to protect them in that honest industry and secure to them its fruits is the end of all honest government; and the mode in which that end is accomplished is the test by which all governments must be tried. I have never held out to you—you would despise me if I had held out that there will be immediately, as the results of the Reform Bill, full labour and full meals for all; but this I do say, that by just and wise legislation, by strict economy in every part of the government, by adopting a system with regard to trade that shall give freedom to capital and industry and open new markets to commercial enterprise; by such a system, I firmly believe, that the prosperity of the country will not only be restored, but carried to a point far higher than it has ever hitherto reached. I do not, I cannot despair of the fortunes of a people so great, so intelligent as this. When I look, indeed, at the magnitude of our public

debt and our public burdens, I see some things to alarm me. But when I remember that burdens far less terrible than these were represented as likely to destroy the nation; when I reflect that two hundred years ago, a debt of twenty millions would have seemed incredible, that one hundred years ago a debt of two hundred millions would have seemed visionary, and that fifty years ago if any person had mentioned the amount of the present debt people would have said that he told them a fairy tale; when, moreover, I see the industry of the people and their intelligence, which gives that industry fair play,—as we at the present look back with contempt at the statesmen who said that a debt of two hundred millions would be the ruin of the country, so I believe our grandchildren, seeing this country becoming greater and happier, and all her social institutions improving, will smile at the idea that our present debt should be the means of dragging down the nation to destruction. No nation of which the heart is sound, no nation of which the head is clear, ever can decay. I feel perfectly convinced that the Reform Bill will take away the causes which for years past have prevented the industry and the prosperity of the country from spreading as it would have done. And if I have the pleasure to see twenty years hence the citizens of Leeds gathered in this place, I expect to see this town, which has already done so much and spread so far, and reared such noble institutions,—its trade being furnished with wider markets, and its industry stimulated by stronger motives,—arrived at a degree of wealth and prosperity such as may now seem visionary to anticipate. Gentlemen, I must instantly, without the delay of a single day, return to Parliament, to stand by those who have stood by us—to help the Scotch and Irish with their Reform Bills; and I shall carry back with me a stronger motive, if possible, than I have ever before had to promote the cause of Parliamentary Reform, and to further every question that can improve the condition of this great people."

The next extract is highly interesting. It relates chiefly to the religious opinions held by the illustrious historian. An attempt had been made to excite a feeling of dislike against him on the ground that he was a Socinian or a Deist. There are few who will not sympathize with his hearty indignation, and condemn the unprincipled effort to influence the fate of the election by the improper use of these sacred considerations. In reference to the question involved, we may observe, that nowhere in his writings is there any definite confession of religious faith, and that among the friends of his family, many of whom were associated with the Evangelical movement of the day, we believe it was a matter of regret that he could not be considered to belong to their body. This is a subject on which we shall not proceed, content with Lord Macaulay's assertion, borne out by a simple, self-denying, charitable life, that he was a Christian. Archdeacon Sinclair, the incumbent of the parish where he died, shortly afterwards made in a sermon an interesting statement respecting him.

A person in the body of the saloon exclaimed, "An elector wishes to know the religious creed of Messrs. Marshall and Macaulay."

Mr. Macaulay (hastily rising from his seat).—

"Who calls for that?"

Answer.—"I do."

Mr. Macaulay.—"May I see him stand up?"

The confusion that here ensued is indescribable. Mr. Macaulay several times demanded that the individual should stand upon the form; and his supporters who were around the gentleman insisted that Mr. M.'s wish should be complied with. A number of voices called—"Turn him out"—"Shame"—"Hear him." At length the chairman requested that the person should stand up, that order might be restored.

A gentleman accordingly stood up, who proved to be a local preacher in the Methodist connection.

Mr. Macaulay.—"I must say that I have heard with the greatest shame and sorrow the question which has been proposed to me; and with peculiar pain and sorrow do I learn that this question was proposed by a minister of religion. I do most deeply regret that any person should think it necessary to make a meeting like this an arena for theological

discussion. I will not be a party to turning this assembly to such a purpose. My answer is short, and in one word—I regret that it should be necessary to utter it. Gentlemen, I am a Christian. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, this is no subject for hearty acclamation. I have done; I will say no more; no man shall have to say of me that I was the person who, when this disgraceful inquisition was entered into in an assembly of Englishmen, actually brought forward the most sacred subjects to be canvassed; here—who brought forward these subjects to be a matter for hissing or for cheering. If on any future occasion it should happen that Mr. Carlisle or Mr. Robert Taylor should favour any large meeting with their infidel observations against the Gospel, he shall not have it to say that I set the example. Gentlemen, I have done; I tell you, I will say no more; and if the person who has thought fit to ask this question has the feelings of a person worthy of being a teacher of religion, he will not, I think, rejoice that he has called me forth to deliver or to defend."

Here the confusion was renewed. The chairman called to order several times in vain. At length silence was obtained, and the meeting resumed.

The questioner said he had not come there without any design of sowing discord. He had heard it thrown out that the candidates were Unitarians—most that they were Nonconformists. Mr. Macaulay.—"I have said that I will say no more than I have said. I will adhere to my resolution. It never shall be said, if my election for Leeds depended on it alone, that I was the first person to introduce a discussion upon such a question as that on which the rev. gentleman has introduced here tonight on the hustings at an election."

We do not give any account of the speeches made at the nomination and the election, inasmuch as these will be found in Mr. Vizetelly's edition of *Lord Macaulay's Speeches*. The coalition between the extreme Radicals and the extreme Tories was defeated. The numbers were—

Mr. Marshall 1804

Mr. Macaulay 1792

Mr. Sadler 1353

We subjoin two letters of Macaulay's. The first relates to the Church question. The second is his departing address when resigning the representation of Leeds and about to return to India.

London, August 19, 1832.

"My dear Sir,—I am glad to find that our opinions respecting the Church differ only in appearance. I should say that the incumbent of a Crown living, who is supported by tithes or by the produce of any estate for which the tithes have been commuted, is supported in part by people who differ from him in religious opinions. The fund from which he is paid is the property of the nation. The nation consists partly of Dissenters, but the fund is employed solely to maintain Churchmen. It may therefore, I think, in such a case, be said without impropriety that Dissenters contribute to the support of a religion which is not their own. You will perceive that the difference between us is merely verbal. As to the substance of the question, we are agreed."

"I was perfectly aware that the avowal of my feelings on the subject of pledges was not likely to advance my interest at Leeds. I was perfectly aware that many of my most respectable friends were not likely to differ from me. And therefore I thought it the more necessary to make, uninvited, an explicit declaration of my feelings. If ever there was a time when public men were in an especial measure bound to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the people, this is that time. Nothing is easier than for a candidate to avoid unpopular topics as long as possible, and when they are forced on him to take refuge in evasive and unmeaning phrases. Nothing is easier than for him to give extravagant promises while an election is depending, and to forget them as soon as the return is made. I will take no such course. I do not wish to obtain a single vote under false pretences. Under the old system I have never been the flatterer of the great. Under the new system I will not be the flatterer of the people. The truth, or what appears to me to be such, may sometimes be distasteful to those whose good opinion I most value. I shall nevertheless always abide by it, and trust to their

good sense, to their second thoughts, to the force of reason and the progress of time. If, after all, their decision should be unfavourable to me, I shall submit to that decision with fortitude and good humour. It is not necessary to my happiness that I should sit in Parliament; but it is necessary to my happiness that I should possess, in Parliament or out of Parliament, the consciousness of having done what is right.

Remember me kindly to all our friends, and believe me ever, my dear Sir, yours most faithfully,
T. B. MACAULAY.

"To the Electors of Leeds."

"Gentlemen.—It is well known to you that the great Corporation to which Parliament has entrusted the Government of our Indian Empire, has appointed me to one of the highest posts in its service; that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confirm the appointment—that I have accepted it—and that in a very short time I shall proceed to the scene of my new labours.

"I have lately enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with several of my most respected constituents, and I have been truly gratified to learn that my conduct on this occasion has obtained their approbation. They justly consider it as honourable to themselves that their representative should be freely selected by a body which wants neither the spirit nor the power to resist unreasonable dictation on the part of the Crown; to fill one of the most important offices of the Empire.

"I trust that I shall carry with me the esteem of my constituents, and that, in my new situation, I shall not forfeit their esteem. In Asia, as in Europe, the principles which recommended me to your favour shall be constantly present to my mind. While legislating for a conquered race, to whom the blessings of our constitution cannot as yet be safely extended, and to whom the benignant influence of our religion is unknown, I shall never forget that I have been a legislator chosen by the unforced and uncorrupted voices of a free, an enlightened, and a Christian people.

"I this day return into your hands the high trust with which you have honoured me. It was obtained by no unworthy arts. It has been used for no unworthy ends. I owed it to your free and unsolicited choice. I have endeavoured to employ it for what appeared to me your real good. My conscience tells me that I have been an honest servant, and I owe to you this attestation, that you have been most indulgent and reasonable masters. You will bear me witness that I have never shrunk from speaking the truth, and I can bear witness that you have been always willing to hear it. When we have differed, I have never evaded your questions, nor have you clamoured down my answers. We have endeavoured to convince each other by a fair interchange of reasons, and if we still continued to differ, we have differed as friends.

"I can form no better wish for your borough—and it is well entitled to the best wishes that I can form—than that it may maintain the honourable character which it has won. If, now that I have ceased to be your servant, and only your sincere and grateful friend, I may presume to offer you advice which must, at least, be allowed to be disinterested, I would say to you: Act towards your future representatives as you have acted towards me. Choose them as you choose me, without canvassing or expense. Encourage them, as you encouraged me, always to speak to you fearlessly and plainly. Never suffer your great and independent town to be turned into an East Retford or Newark. Reject, as you have hitherto rejected, the wages of dishonour. Defy, as you have hitherto defied, the threats of petty tyrants. Never forget that the worst and most degrading species of corruption is the corruption which operates not by hopes but by fears. Cherish those noble and virtuous principles for which we have struggled and triumphed together—the principles of liberty and toleration of justice and order. Support, as you have steadily supported, the cause of good government; and may all the blessings which are the natural fruits of good government descend upon you and be multiplied to you an hundredfold. May your manufactures flourish; may your trade be extended; may your riches increase. May the works

of your skill, and the signs of your prosperity, meet me in the furthest regions of the East, and give me fresh cause to be proud of the intelligence, the industry, and the spirit of my constituents.

"And now, Gentlemen, it remains for me only to bid you farewell—to wish to you all, to my supporters and to my opponents, health, prosperity, and happiness, and to assure you that to the latest day of my life I shall look back with pride and pleasure on the honourable connection which has subsisted between us.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Your faithful friend and servant,
T. B. MACAULAY.

"London, February 4, 1861."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, October 12.

The Fine Art Department at our Italian Exposition has been the last to be definitively completed. The vigour and precision, which names a "last day" and adheres to it inexorably, is unknown to, and well-nigh inconceivable by Tuscan tolerance and good-nature. So the pictures kept coming in—many among them canvases which in any case the Commission would have been unwilling to reject—and fresh and additional accommodation had to be provided for them. At last we are "full;" and the entire collection has been now open to the public a sufficient number of days to allow some general idea of its merit to be arrived at. But as the number of works is very nearly a thousand, this idea can only be a general one, founded mainly on observation in a great measure confined to the more prominent works.

The collection is housed in three huge halls on the ground-floor, provisionally constructed, and opening off the main and permanent body of the Exposition building, and in some dozen of smaller rooms on the first floor, some opening off the galleries of the main building on the right and others on the left hand.

Of course this portion of the general show has occasioned a larger amount of interest and of talk among the general public than any other. There are men who are conscious of knowing nothing and having nothing to say about iron castings, raw silk, machinery, and crockery-ware. But all have an opinion on art, and an opinion which, up to a certain point, merits attention, inasmuch as the object of art is the delight of all; and as surely as those melodies, which find their way from the opera stage to the street organs, are the best bits of the composer's work, so the delight of the universal mass of the people in a picture is often a surer test of its merit than the academic approbation of the "connoisseurs."

Well then, every tongue in Florence is busy with the picture department; and the very general opinion, especially among non-Italians, is exceedingly favourable. It is assuredly an exhibition of which any nation in Europe might be, ay, and would be, legitimately proud. Of course there are a great number of pictures which one would wish away, but among a thousand it is mere truism to say so. Of course, also, it is utterly out of the question to attempt, within the limits of the space which the *Literary Gazette* could afford to the subject, anything like a review of even the best works in the different kinds. All are represented here abundantly, and all, with the exception perhaps of portrait—a curious and suggestive exception!—adequately and well.

In comparison with what we are accustomed to see on the walls of our own annual Exhibition the portraits are singularly few, and really fine ones almost absent. And this observation leads me to say a word of the illustration afforded by this fact of the results of direct governmental patronage of art. Shortly after the revolution, the new Government, patriotically wishing to make its beneficent influence immediately felt by every class, and to communicate an immediate stimulus to art-production, gave a very large number of orders to artists for pictures chiefly in historical art and portraiture. The re-

sults form a small but noticeable feature of the Exhibition now before us, and may be said to furnish a memorable lesson on the inexpediency of any attempt by a government to extend its operation beyond the sphere of its proper functions. The "ne sutor ultra crepidam" applies to statesmen in their work as such, quite as much as to cobblers. The business of a government is to govern, and not to patronize art; and in the present case the consequences of its neglect of this truth are seen in the only portion of the Exhibition which can be called disgraceful. If the new Government had been content with the conviction that the change from a regimen of despotism to one of constitutional liberty would infallibly and *instantaneously*, though not *immediately*, but *mediately*, be felt by Art, the majority of the works now brought together would have amply justified that expectation, and the disgraceful failures produced by interference with the natural laws which regulate art-production no less surely and beneficially than they do production in other kinds, though not wholly by the same means, would have been avoided.

The degree in which the social condition of a country is faithfully and quickly reflected in its artistic tendencies is indeed very remarkably illustrated by this Exhibition; and the prevalence of new modes of thought, new appreciations, new efforts at emancipation from old conventionalisms, constitutes, perhaps, the most striking feature of it. Hence the grand topic, which is mainly occupying the artistic world, as distinguished from the outside public of amateurs, is the battle between the old and the new,—between conventionalism, classicism, and academic influence, on the one hand, against nature, individualism, and audacious rebellion, on the other. As usual, the fight is an unequal one; the future is to the young, as it should be; the old must be pushed from their stools. Not only the stars in their courses, but the big star of all in its daily course, bringing fresh days each unlike its predecessor, fight against them. The battle is fought against fate, against nature, against wholly inevitable defeat. But meantime it is fought. Perhaps the youngsters would have it too much all their own way were it not so. Whatever is right!

In the next place, a great point of interest and debate among the Italians is naturally the degree in which the different parts of the newly-united kingdom share in the merit of the general success. Here, as may be expected, opinions differ, and are just about as numerous as are the great divisions of the kingdom. I will, therefore, instead of listening to any of them, simply give you my own impressions on this rather delicate matter.

The largest and most ambitious specimens of historic art are unquestionably Florentine, and the names of Bezzuoli, Pollastrini, and Ussi, assure to the Italian Athens pre-eminence in this special branch. But Bezzuoli, from whose hand come some three or four large and very estimable pictures, is dead, having been the late President of the Florentine Academy. Of course it is not in his works that any tendency to the new school arising in art is to be sought. And indeed it may perhaps be said that Florence has been less "tainted" or "vivified" by artistic revolutionary ideas than most other parts of the Italian art-world. A very remarkable picture by Brini, of a woman examined and tortured before the Inquisitors, is also academical in treatment. An exceedingly noble picture by Pollastrini, of *Exiles leaving Siena*, when that city was taken by Cosmo de' Medici, is somewhat less so. But Signor Ussi's great picture of the *Abdication of the Duke of Athens*, a vast composition in which the figures are of life-size, would probably be considered by most judges as the finest picture in the Exhibition. This picture is only just finished; and though far from exhibiting so thorough a breaking with old ideas and traditions as does much of the art of other provinces, it is less marked by them than those before mentioned: it is a very noble work. All these artists are Tuscans.

But as regards the happiest manifestation of the new influences in a somewhat less ambitious walk, perhaps the best contribution,—"*quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe*,"—comes, that is to say, who would have thought it? from Naples! Signor Morelli has sent thence three or four easel-pictures of great merit, and of a charming originality and

individuality of treatment. His *Women at a Bath in Pompeii*, and his *Iconoclasts*, the latter being an irruption of violent fanatics into the catacombs of Rome, in which an orthodox painter is engaged in making a portrait of his lost wife over her tomb—may be especially cited as pictures of rare merit. Signor Altamura, also from Naples, has contributed some pictures of *genre* which would hold their own in any Exhibition in any part of the world.

A large, indeed to most persons an unexpectedly large and unexpectedly excellent quantity of landscape has come chiefly from the north of Italy; and in most cases strongly and assuredly favourably characterized by new tendencies. No more impossible nut-brown glades between trees of no particular colour and of no particular species, with castles on one hand, balanced by waterfalls on the other; but genuine bits of conscientiously-studied nature—mountain, plain, or woodland.

As might naturally be expected, there is a great abundance of pictures of all sorts and sizes, and all degrees of merit, representing subjects and episodes of the recent revolutionary war. Some of these are after the manner of the old school, but most of them belong very markedly to the new; and in some cases they show an exception to the rule laid down at the beginning of this letter, to the effect that the popular interest is a sure test of merit. In such matters as these it will often occur that the painter's choice of a subject will effect for him what the excellence of his work would have failed to achieve. Perhaps no picture in the Exhibition has received so large a share of the public observation as one by no means bad, but not first-rate work, representing on a large canvas, by Signor Conti of Florence, the slaughter in cold blood of an entire family of nine peasants, by the Austrians in Piedmont in 1859. The name of the murdered family was Cignoli, and the murderer was General Urban. Neither are likely to be forgotten in Italy. From the King, who paused a long time before this picture, to the veriest peasant who strolls through the Exhibition, there is not an Italian who does not stop to gaze at it, and draw from it the inspiration it is calculated to afford.

I have space to mention but one other picture, the subject of which has won it a marked success. It is a most touching and eloquent representation of a well-authenticated incident of the war in Lombardy. On more than one occasion, the patrols, who went over the battle-ground after the fight, found in the pouches of Italian recruits forced to serve in the Austrian armies, blank cartridges, from which the balls had been thrown away. They had stood to be shot down by their fellow-countrymen, but had refused to harm them in return. There lies stark a poor lad, manifestly Italian in feature, but Austrian in uniform, while a patrol of Italian soldiers have taken from his pouch, and are showing to each other, the proof of his unconquerable love for the land of his birth. It will not seem surprising that this picture should always have a crowd before it.

For the present, at all events, I must conclude.

T. A. T.

MUNICH, October 12.

SINCE my last letter was written a motion has been made by one of the members of the Upper Chamber, Baron Fraunhofen, to the effect, "that it is only by introducing perfect freedom of action in the exercise of the various handicrafts, that the, in many respects, ailing state of the different crafts can be remedied; that such an untrammelled state of things is a necessity which may not be ignored; and that the fears expressed in the other Chamber as to the consequences of a change are, to a great extent, entirely without foundation." This sensible and most necessary motion was accepted by a majority; but there were many who considered the proposed innovation fraught with danger, and opposed it accordingly. In both Chambers the clergy were unanimous in resisting the proposed measure: in the Lower House all the *Land-Pfarrer*—the country clergymen—gave a dissentient vote, and in the higher assembly bishops and archbishops set their faces against a change. Here, however, resistance was unavailing, and next session the matter is to be taken into consideration preparatory to a change. For some years' time, therefore, we may expect to

see a little progress made by the artisans of this place. Competition will make them bestir themselves, and will bring about a change in them as it will do in the value of their work. That great remodeller of what is old—the railway—has already prepared the way. The means of transport being so rapid and so easy, whoever finds that he can get better workmanship for his money at some other city, orders what he wants there, and has it forwarded to him. Those who formerly were obliged to put up with indifferent work and high prices do so no longer. Then they submitted, for they had no choice. But the railway now has made the next capital as attainable as the next street; and at an outlay of half a florin for carriage they obtain from a distance goods suited to their taste.

I have often thought how thoroughly repugnant a railway with all its concomitants must be to Bavarian dispositions; nor would they have anything to say to the arch-revolutionizer as long as they could help it. They kept him out of the land till the last possible moment. They doubtless felt instinctively that he would upset their mode of life. The necessity of precision, the obligation to be quick and concise, the impossibility of uniting, with the ways of the new comers their own old easy ways, must sadly put them out. Accordingly they keep firm hold of him, and take good care never to let him hurry them away too fast. Such tearing along as he practises in England will not do for them; they will none of it, and they restrain him accordingly.

But a railroad, whether the rate of locomotion upon it be twenty-five or fifty-five miles an hour, will, before long, alter considerably all the old relations, as well as at a considerable distance from its line of passage, as in its immediate neighbourhood. One consequence here has been to raise the prices of food, house rent, and fuel. This circumstance is felt more acutely in Bavaria than it would be, perhaps, in many other places; for all the necessities of life were formerly proverbially cheap here. Throughout the whole of Munich the last quarter-day the rents were raised considerably, and your only alternative was to accede to the additional demand, or to seek another lodging. As the poor-tax is principally defrayed by those who rent a dwelling, and is levied according to what you pay the landlord, this rise in house-rent, entails a larger amount of taxes; so that whoever has not a house of his own suffers doubly. A Professor of my acquaintance—and Professors are not generally supposed to maintain very luxurious establishments—pays fifty-four florins (£5. 13s. 4d.) for poor-rate alone annually; being the percentage on the rent of his one floor. It is out of all proportion to the price of food and labour; yet, high as the tax is, there are plenty of beggars, not in the streets indeed, but at the house-doors. The houses being open, they go from floor to floor, ring at the bell and ask alms. The tradesman, who raises his prices in proportion as prices in general rise, suffers in no wise by this great change, nor the producer either. But the salaried official, and those who live upon an income derived from money in the funds, or from any source not influenced by average prices—those, in short, who consume without producing—these it is on whom the dearth presses most painfully. The price of every article of food, as well as fuel, shows a constant upward tendency. It progresses steadily, and it is difficult to foretell when it will stop. The stranger, remembering only the prices he had heard of in past years, would be woefully disappointed were he to travel hither now, in the hope to economize. It will not be long before the discovery is made that England, after all, is not a dearer country to live in than any of the habitable places of the Continent.

Dr. von Sybel, who left Munich for Bonn some time ago, is to be replaced by Dr. Giesebrecht. At first some difficulties presented themselves regarding his appointment; these, however, have been removed, and he will shortly arrive here to begin his duties at the University.

I conclude this letter with an anecdote which it may be thought is almost too good to be true; but the circumstance really did happen as here related:—A personage who shall be nameless, high in authority, received the other day a telegram from Compiègne announcing the King of Prussia's ar-

rival, and the fêtes that were to follow. It was in French, and owing probably to the haste of the copying-clerk here or his ignorance of the language, an accent was wrongly put on the last letter, which completely changed the meaning intended to be conveyed and made the communication so very laughable. The telegram ran thus:—"Le Roi est arrivé. Ce soir théâtre: *démain chassé*." I have not heard that the unwitting delinquent has been committed to prison for his mistake, or even dismissed from his post; on the contrary, I dare say he is enjoying the fun as heartily as all do who have heard the story; and no doubt regrets that so good a joke as that of turning, by a mere dot, the word "*chasse*" into "*chassé*" should really have been unintentional.

THE PRESERVATION OF ANIMAL FOOD.

Conservation des Substances Alimentaires. Par M. Poggiale. (*Gazette Médicale de Paris*, Tome II. 1856.)

A BOOK is much wanted, in the English language, on the best methods of preserving alimentary substances. In a country such as this, which pours out each year a nation of navigators, and travellers, and soldiers, and emigrants, all of whom must mainly depend for periods sometimes extending over weeks or months, on food prepared before the journey,—in such a country, we say, surely there should be some written authority to whom one might refer for correct information as to the methods by which foods may be preserved, quickly, safely, and pleasantly.

It is true that although there is no published scientific work such as we indicate, there are numerous traditional histories respecting the preservation of foods; it is further true that a large amount of practical knowledge is in this way spread throughout the country, and that many excellent processes are known for retaining certain particular articles of sustenance in a condition fitted for human consumption. But these facts in no way meet the requirement to which we have referred; for, in the first place, the traditional character of the knowledge which is possessed keeps it in the hands of a few individuals; in the next place, the secrecy which, to a large extent, is assumed by the professors of the preserving art, prevents a proper inquiry into the question whether the plans adopted are the readiest, cheapest, and most effective; while, lastly, the absence of a standard precludes the possibility of general improvement and of scientific advancement in an all-important branch of practical and economical skill.

The attempt to preserve animal food is of ancient date. It sprang naturally, we presume, from a desire on the part of man, who must live, to make provision for those days and seasons when, the firstfruits of the earth withheld from him, it was a necessity that he should have in his own storehouse those provisions which, under more favourable auspices, he could take from the ample storehouse of external nature. The drying and preservation of corn and fruits would be the first steps taken by man in this direction. This would specially be the case in reference to the products of the cereals, for of them their consumer would soon learn the great and striking fact, that if a portion of their seed were not preserved, and on cultivated ground resown and properly tended, the supply would fail, no accidental sowing or distribution of seed keeping it up. Upon this form of preservation followed very probably the invention of preserving milk in

the form of cheese, which invention, according to Justin, came from a personage no less early in the arts of civilization and life, than the demigod Aristæus, the veritable son of Apollo, and king of the Arcadian realm.

M. Poggiale, to whose labours we have called the attention of the reader, is of opinion that the most ancient method of preserving food consisted in the practice of drying, or desiccation. He adduces, in support of this idea, the fact that in savage nations at the present day it is the universal practice; that it dates with them from their earliest traditions, and is, in fact, the only process known and recognized. The plan adopted for desiccation was also, he thinks, of the simplest character, the substances to be preserved being simply exposed to the influence of the sun and the air. In support of his hypothesis, M. Poggiale quotes the authority of the eminent Bousingault, who, in his travels, had spoken to some negroes of Choko who had never seen the ox, but knew the flesh of the ox as food in the form of dried flesh. This learned chemist, indeed, supported himself for nearly three years on dried meats while living in the mines of La Vega, during his excursion to the gold and platina diggings. The meat thus dried is hard, and forms in itself an unsavoury and indigestible food.

It may seem strange that an assertion such as has here been quoted should be received on the authority of a single traveller; but if there is one man more than another whom we may accredit as a traveller, it is Bousingault; too simple to be deceived, and too acute to offer a word of deception; we may believe his statement, and the more so when we recall that Choko, placed south of Darien and watered by the San Juan and the Atrato, is covered with dense forests, through which the air finds no circulation, in which a fertile soil yields abundance of maize, but on which the breeding and growth of animals for the food of man becomes a virtual impossibility.

But, accepting the view that the process of desiccation, or mere drying, is primitive as an invention, we are soon led to another food-preserving process not far behind this, or at all events very ancient; this is the salting process, or the mode of applying common salt to avert animal putrefaction. It has been urged that the use of this method implies, in matter of history, such a degree of knowledge as would indicate an advancing civilization, and even some acquaintance with the simpler details of chemical science and art. We think this a reasonable view; and certain it is that, whenever in history we read of the method of preserving animal or vegetable substances by the plan of dressing them or of saturating them with salt, we detect that the operators lived in an age when the refinements of civilization and the cultivation of the useful arts had reached a degree of perfection by no means to be considered as contemptible.

The early importance attached to the use of salt has been supposed to be shown by the fact that the Greeks placed this substance in the list of things that were consecrated to the gods; so that it was considered a misfortune to spill salt, and impious to forget to place salt-cellar on the tables or to go to sleep before their removal. How far this observation may tend to place so far back as the early Greek period the use of salt for preserving purposes, we will not pretend to say; but we have direct evidence that amongst the Romans the practice of preservation by salt was general. The Roman butchers sold, as our modern butchers sell now, both fresh and salted meats; their mode of preparing the salted meats being as follows. The animals they intended to salt were

kept from drinking any fluid on the eve of the day on which the killing took place. After the killing, the parts to be preserved were boned and sprinkled lightly with pounded salt. Then, having well dried off all dampness, the operators sprinkled some more salt, and placed the pieces so as not to touch each other in vessels which had been used for oil or vinegar. Over the whole they poured sweet wine, covered the contents of the vessel with straw, and when obtainable kept down the temperature of the room in which the vessel was placed by strewing snow round about. This was assumed to make the meat better and more tender. When the cook wanted to extract the salt, he first boiled the meat well in milk and afterwards in soft or rain water.

In these appliances we discover a degree of art and of skill which shows an advancement even on the proceedings of our own age. When, for instance, the animal was prepared for the process by being deprived of water, an evidence was supplied that the operator knew the fact that animal tissue, recently dead, will absorb a solution of saline matter so much the more promptly if, previously to death, its own water has been reduced in quantity. In boiling the substance, that had been preserved by salt, in milk, knowledge was supplied of the physical truth that the salt would be given up the more readily to such a fluid as milk than to common water; while, in the final part of the proceeding, the preparation for the table, the use of a water itself unimpregnated with saline particles, and therefore capable of removing the largest possible amount of the preserving agent, is so admirable, that we may commend it to all English matrons as a wrinkle far too deep to be allowed to pass unremembered.

There is yet another mode of preserving food, also of ancient date, which consists in securing the exclusion of the preserved substances from the air. Thus Apicius recommends, for the preservation of vegetables, that they should be chosen before they are perfectly ripe, placed in a vessel covered with pitch, and sealed hermetically. In like manner the Roman butchers preserved the flesh of various animals without salt. They hermetically sealed and hung it in a cool place—an operation which was said to succeed well. Apicius also recommends for the preservation of pork, a process of a different character. The pieces are directed to be entirely covered with a paste, composed of salt, vinegar, and honey, and to be placed in vessels carefully closed.

The exposure of animal substances to certain gaseous preservatives is a fourth and last plan of preservation, which also has its origin in a remote period. Common wood-smoke is one of the preservatives which has been thus employed for various animal substances both in past ages and in modern times. In England, too, a very old custom of preserving fruits, gooseberries especially, has consisted in filling a vessel with the fruit, then burning in the neck of the vessel a piece of sulphur, and corking up securely while yet the sulphur is burning. By this means a quantity of sulphurous acid gas has been generated, and diffused through and detained in the bottle, while at the same time, a portion at least of the free oxygen surrounding the fruit has been removed from the air previously contained in the bottle.

In these four processes is included the practical part of all modern plans for the preservation of alimentary substances. In order to understand the mode in which they preserve, it is necessary to know in what the process of putrefaction consists. This is well described for us by M. Poggiale.

After death, the vital force no longer opposing itself to the chemical or physical forces, the organic matters present those particular phenomena to which chemists have given the name of fermentation. The organic elements then form most simple combinations, and this transformation continues by reactions that have no analogy with the ordinary chemical decompositions. No one is ignorant of the fact that organic matters do not putrefy except under the influence of water, of oxygen, and of a suitable temperature; and that if such matters are withdrawn from the action of one of these agents, they do not ferment. All the processes that have been conceived for the preservation of foods are based, consequently, on one of these elements—expulsion of the water, withdrawal of the air, and a low temperature; these are the usual means that have been put in practice under a thousand forms.

The subjoined abridgment of M. Poggiale's very complete memoir will give a very good idea of the nature of certain of the processes that are now used for the purpose of preserving solid animal substances.

For the purpose of preserving meats M. Poggiale attaches great importance to the process of Appert. This process consists of enclosing in cylindrical glass or earthenware bottles the various aliments, in closing the mouth of the vases with great care, and in submitting them for a longer or shorter time to the action of boiling water. Cases of tinned iron are now preferred, because there is no risk of breakage from them, and because they can be closed more securely. The cooked meat, still boiling, is placed in the cases and pressed down moderately so as to fill the vessel, and the circular cover is soldered to the tin, leaving a small opening in the middle. The vessel is then filled with the juice of the meat, or broth, and a small disk of tinned iron is soldered over the opening. Several cases filled in this manner are placed in a vessel heated by steam, or in a copper containing boiling water. When they are withdrawn the covers are convex, but they soon become flat or even concave. This denotes complete success. If the cover remains convex, the preservation of the meat is not ensured. This process consists, then, in destroying the influence of the oxygen of the air. The oxygen which remains enclosed with the meat combines with the organic matters, and, according to Gay-Lussac, can no longer excite fermentation. The heat should be sufficiently prolonged to destroy or solidify the substance which has absorbed the oxygen and which would produce fermentation. It is of course necessary that the vessels be closed accurately, so that the air cannot penetrate into them.

Experience of more than forty years has shown the success of this process. These preserved meats have been taken across the equator, brought back to London, and sent out again to the Polar regions: sixteen years afterwards the meat was of the best flavour. The campaign in the East has given a new importance to Appert's method. The boxes of meats prepared by this process, and destined for the army in the Crimea, were of excellent quality.

M. Favier has perfected Appert's process, by almost entirely expelling the air enclosed in the aliment. By his plan, the meat to be preserved is introduced raw into the tinned iron box, the cover of the box is soldered, and is pierced with a small opening. Then the vessel is heated in a water-bath containing common salt, or the chloride of calcium, so that the temperature is raised to 230° Fahrenheit, and ebullition takes place within the boxes.

The steam, and with it nearly all the air, then rushes out from the aperture. The vessels are now completely filled, and the opening is soldered. The boxes are surrounded with cold water, by which a vacuum is formed in their interior. They are heated a second time; the aperture is unstopped, and when the air and steam have gone off, they are closed anew. Meats preserved by this process have been found at the end of a year or two in a state of perfect preservation, of excellent quality, and of agreeable flavour. The Commission of Military Stores has remarked on the superiority of M. Fastier's productions over those of Appert.

M. de Lignac has also modified the process of Appert, by introducing the meat in large pieces, instead of being cut up, heating it in a stove to a temperature of 104° Fahrenheit, so as to remove about two-thirds of the water, submitting it to energetic pressure in a tube of tinned copper, and then completing the process by the ordinary means, in closed boxes. M. Poggiale speaks favourably of the results of this process.

M. Cellier employs the following process for the preparation of powdered meat. The bones and the greater part of the fat are taken out; then the meat is cut into strips, which are dried to hardness in a stove at a temperature of 122° to 132° Fahrenheit, and reduced to powder by a rasp and the pestle. Two parts of powdered meat are considered equivalent to about four of lean meat, and to six of meat containing the bones and fat. The meat dried by M. Cellier is in the form of a coarse powder, and is capable of long preservation if it be sheltered from the damp and kept in suitable receptacles; but it is indispensable to deprive it of a large portion of the fat. The small bulk of the meat prepared by M. Cellier's method points to its convenience under certain circumstances of war; but it should be employed only in special cases. Its appearance is not very inviting, and it has the inconvenience of quickly passing the digestive canal. It is doubtful if young and robust men could be nourished by this powdered meat for any length of time.

For salting meat, the English process, without contradiction, says M. Poggiale, furnishes the best results. It consists in putting pieces of meat in contact with a mixture of saltpetre, common salt, and sugar, and renewing this operation often. But the ordinary processes of salting causes contraction of the muscular fibres, and makes the meat hard and often difficult of digestion. Common salt produces also a definite deterioration in the nutritive value of meat. The salt added takes up a considerable quantity of water, which carries with it a certain amount of nutritive substance. According to Liebig, two parts out of three of animal food, by the action of common salt, may be made unfit to sustain the animal functions.

Another method of preserving animal substances, and which is based on the attempt to keep the external air from exerting its influence on the tissue, consists in covering the surface of the substance to be preserved with a thin coat of gelatine. In this process the meat is covered with a jelly, prepared by boiling the tendinous part of animals for a long time, and by afterwards concentrating the dissolved parts. To the solution of gelatine thus formed, a small quantity of sugar, gum arabic, and of brandy is added; and then the pieces of meat, suitably cut, are plunged into the liquid, at a temperature of about 155° Fahr., and are suspended in the gelatine by means of a hook. The operation is repeated a second or even a third

time; and when a firm gelatinous envelope is secured around the substance, the process is completed.

A committee, composed of M. Poggiale himself, of MM. Michel Lévy and Laperlier, investigated the nature of this process and its results. They ascertained that meats thus prepared, on exposure to the free air, dry little by little, and experience no putrefactive change so long as they are not exposed to friction by rubbing against hard surfaces. But when the meats are sent away in transports, the friction caused by movement constantly breaks down the gelatinous envelope, and the flesh beneath, exposed to the air, undergoes rapid decomposition, which progresses through the mass. Some meats so prepared were enclosed in cases, placed in the military stores, and sent to Constantinople, with orders that they should be sent back to France. On their return the several samples were found to be completely spoiled.

Another process, proposed by a former professor of the University of France, suggests a return to the old system of employing sulphurous acid as the preserving agent. The alimentary substances are by this method placed in wooden boxes lined with zinc, and having a double bottom of zinc, into which chloride of calcium is introduced through a large hole. The upper part of the box is provided with a disk of glass, which is fixed with mastic, or a strip of zinc soldered closely down. Sulphurous acid is then driven into the box in sufficient quantity to exclude a large portion of the air previously contained in the box, through a small hole in the upper surface. When the acid begins to escape freely, both holes in the case are closed with great care. The sulphurous acid, by its presence, suspends the fermenting process, and so prevents putrefactive change, according to the theory of the inventor; but some experiments performed by him at the Val-de-Grâce completely failed, all the foods he attempted to preserve in this way being spoiled in a few days.

It has been proposed to preserve meats in water containing a tenth of sulphuric acid. The meat is first boned, washed with cold water, and then plunged for an hour into the acid liquor. It is removed after this and carefully barreled, the barrels being also charged with water containing a hundredth part of sulphuric acid, and closed as hermetically as possible. According to the inventor, meats thus treated remain perfectly fresh and juicy, and yield a broth and gravy of the best flavour. Some experiments on this method, made at the Val-de-Grâce, failed unfortunately to confirm these results. Fifteen days after some animal foods had been subjected to the process described, they were found quite putrid.

A variety of attempts have been made to fabricate and preserve animal substance in the form of biscuit, and also in the form of extract. An American, Gail Borden, prepared a biscuit by mixing flour with cooked animal food, and with the liquor in which the animal matter had been boiled. The inventor affirmed that the biscuit might take the place of bread and meat, and that about five and a half drachms avoirdupois would suffice to nourish a workman for twenty-four hours, and perfectly maintain his strength. These assertions have not been realized.

M. Callemard prepares a biscuit which is composed of fifty parts of beef, one hundred of wheaten flour, and ten of vegetables. After the beef has been washed in water and acidulated with vinegar, it is boiled with the vegetables for eight hours, and the liquor is then concentrated. The bones, tendons, and cartilages are taken out, and only the muscles and

fat are left. The remainder of the beef is heated afresh, and powdered sugar-candy is added, in the proportion of one part to 640 of the beef, flour, and vegetables originally used. The animal part is well kneaded with the flour, and the dough, after being moulded into biscuits, is baked about an hour and a half. According to M. Poggiale, M. Callemard's biscuit has a brown colour, and a very distinct smell and taste of fat. It easily crumbles, and does not appear suitable for a long voyage. M. Poggiale found a considerable proportion of fatty matter in the cake, but less of nitrogenous principles than in the hard corn biscuit prepared at the military stores. Callemard's biscuit and all analogous products have been rejected by the Ministry of War, on account of the uncertainty attending their manufacture and their deficiency in nutritive properties.

Extracts of meat have been made by various manufacturers, and in France Parmentier has recommended the use of such extracts for the army. He considers that, mixed with a little wine, they support the strength of the wounded, and enable them to endure the fatigue of long removal. Baron Liebig opines that in countries where beef and mutton are plentiful and cheap, as in Podolia, Buenos Ayres, Mexico, and Australia, large quantities of extract of animal meat might be prepared and imported to Europe. To produce this preserve, M. Bellat, an apothecary of Paris, takes meat as fresh as possible, removes the fatty tendons and membranous parts, divides the residue into very thin pieces, and then places the pieces in an apparatus where fresh water is allowed to percolate until the fluid passes colourless and insipid. The products of the operation are then set aside. The meat is placed in tubs heated by steam, and hermetically closed by screwed covers, furnished with a service-pipe and a check valve. A proportion of water, equal in weight to that of the meat introduced, is added, together with a quantity of bony matter. The whole is left to digest during six hours, at the temperature of 194° Fahrenheit, the mass being freely agitated. It is afterwards submitted to the action of a hydraulic press, and mixed with water and cooked vegetables. The hot solutions are ultimately mixed with liquors prepared cold, and are then heated in evaporating coppers until the albumen is entirely coagulated. Filtration is effected and evaporation is finally carried on until the extract assumes the character and consistence of very thick honey, when it is placed in tin boxes, and fastened down after Appert's method. Bellat's extract is in the form of a yellowish-brown mass, is rather soft, is very soluble in water, and possesses the smell, taste, and common properties of meat broth. M. Poggiale considers, that from the richness of this extract in nitrogenous principles, from the ease with which it is converted into a broth of excellent quality, and from its easy transport and preservation, it is a substance to be recommended for the alimentation of troops, and, above all, for the use of ambulances and hospitals. There are yet suggested by the papers before us some very valuable facts relative to the preservation of various other aliments, but we must not be tempted at the present moment to enter further into this field. M. Poggiale's researches, although published a few years since, have, we believe, been noticed at length in this country in but one other journal previously to this notice, and then not in such a way as to call forth any amount of public attention. We hope now to have introduced to a wider sphere of readers a series of researches which, up to this period, stand certainly first of

their kind. On a future day we may present a special paper on the preservation of milk and of vegetable substances used as foods.

We have received the following letter on the subject of the articles which have appeared in our two last numbers on the *Æther of Space*:

"To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"Sir.—The writer of the two notices of Mr. Daniel Vaughan's paper *On the Phenomena which may be traced to the presence of a medium pervading Space*, gives a sketch of the speculations upon the question of the existence of an æther pervading space, from ancient times to the present day, adducing Mr. Vaughan's speculations as additional evidence in favour of the hypothesis of its existence.

"Why is no reference made to the mathematical investigations relating to the same question from time to time communicated to the *Philosophical Magazine*, by Professor Challis, of the University of Cambridge?"

"The phenomena of light are explained, on the hypothesis of a highly elastic fluid medium. By mathematical reasoning, Professor Challis has shown that the dynamical action of a like medium upon distant bodies may produce effects such as are produced by what is called the force of gravity. The inference is that the force of gravity may be explained on the hypothesis of this medium.

"The mathematical investigation of the question is necessarily of a very abstruse character, but the soundness of Professor Challis's reasoning has not been disproved.

"Admitting therefore the hydrodynamical theory upon which his conclusions are based, it follows that we have an argument for the existence of the medium similar to that supplied by the phenomena of light, and therefore of immeasurably greater value than the doubtful speculations of Mr. Vaughan.

"Professor Challis holds Newton's opinion, that the elastic medium pervades solid bodies; and on the hypothesis of its existence, he also deduces from his theory, by mathematical reasoning, explanations of phenomena of heat, electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. The theory is before the world, and its great importance ought to claim the close attention of mathematicians. Its comprehensiveness is a strong argument in its favour. If it can be established, we must admit that the existence of an elastic fluid medium has been proved almost to demonstration.

"It will hardly be doubted that the question of its existence must be finally decided in the affirmative, by the results of mathematical investigations into the consequences of its existence being found to be in accordance with the facts of experience. On this account, I think attention should be directed to what Professor Challis has done.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,
C. L. J."

THE UNIVERSITIES.

CAMBRIDGE, October 16.

The University is fast filling, and by the end of the week the regular work of the Term will have commenced. There are very good entries at most of the Colleges: at Trinity, there are no less than one hundred and sixty-seven fresh men, of whom a few may without uncharitableness be placed to the credit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is expected back in a few days; at John's, seventy; at Caius, thirty-seven. The smaller Colleges, some of which had of late much decreased in numbers, have also for the most part secured themselves larger entries by the liberal schemes of open Scholarships now almost universally established; there have been examinations for such during the past week at Jesus, Queen's, and Sidney.

The Electoral Roll for the ensuing year has been promulgated by the Vice-Chancellor; it contains two hundred and fifty-two names, subject to objections.

The Proctors just elected are Messrs. Emery, of Corpus, the Chaplain of the University Rifle Corps,

and Hays, of Christ's; the Pro-Proctors, Messrs. T. T. Perowne, of Corpus; and Ganson, of Christ's. It is to be hoped they will have a quiet reign, and that the late decision in *banco* has put an end to the unhappy disputes between Town and Gown about the use of the Proctorial Powers.

The annual election to Trinity Fellowships has taken place; the successful candidates are Messrs. Taylor, Trotter, and Kirby, all B.A.'s of 1859.

The examination of students not members of the University, will be opened at Cambridge, on Monday, December 16th. Mr. Potts, of Trinity, is the new local secretary. It is to be hoped that Lord Palmerston's oration in honour of cramming will bear its fruits in this as well as in other examinations. The typical Cram-Examination has not conferred much lustre on Cambridge this year. Among the successful candidates in the Indian Civil Service Examination, held in July last, were only fourteen Cantabs, whereas Oxford gained twenty-three, and Trinity College, Dublin, nineteen victories. There is very little doubt that the Indian Service fails to attract any one who has a good chance of a Fellowship, at all events in this University.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. Robinson, Fellow of St. Catharine's, was elected Master of that College, in the room of Dr. Philpott, the new Bishop of Worcester, who was one of the most popular Heads, and whose nomination to a bishopric gave universal satisfaction here. As there were only five electors at St. Catharine's, and two candidates, the chances of the latter had given rise to much speculation. Mr. Robinson is vicar of Christ Church, Barnwell, where it is said he will continue his duties even after his election to the Mastership.

Mr. T. N. Staley, late Fellow of Queen's, has been designated to the office of Bishop of Honolulu by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom, as well as to the Queen, the King of the Sandwich Islands had addressed a request for the establishment of a branch of the English Church, under a Bishop, in his dominions. The subject had been brought before the House of Lords by the Bishop of Oxford during the past session.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

The utmost activity has prevailed in this establishment during the last fortnight. The original intention was to produce Mr. Howard Glover's opera "Buy Blas" on Monday, and a new operetta by Mr. George Linley on the Tuesday, but it was found impracticable. To produce a grand opera alone in the time proposed is a herculean task, and we are glad that the energy of the establishment is concentrated on the more serious work. Mr. Linley's operetta will be all the more welcome that it comes alone. As the opera is to be produced on Monday night, it is useless to speculate on its probable merit or success; but with Mr. Harrison as manager, Mr. Mellon as conductor, and such an admirable body of artists, it will assuredly be produced in the best manner possible.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The grand concert which took place on the 12th instant, was of the most interesting description. The first part consisted of selections from "Don Giovanni," executed by Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Caradori, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Bossi. The selections were unexceptionable, including the overture, the quartetto, "Non ti fidar," "Batti batti," "Il mio tesoro," "La ci darem," "Non mi dir," concluding with the trio, "Proteggia il giusto cielo." The execution, as might be expected from such distinguished artists, left little for the most fastidious to carp at. Mlle. Tietjens was in her best voice, and her rich quality, pure style, and just intonation found a fine opportunity of display in her aria, "Non mi dir;" as usual she was true to the text, and neither altered nor exaggerated Mozart's music. Signor Giuglini gave his reading of "Il mio tesoro" with more than his usual warmth, and though good in all, was particularly happy in those portions of the aria where sweetness and tenderness predominate. The "Batti batti" was

assigned to Mme. Caradori, who sang it with true artistic feeling, and she was well supported in the violoncello obligato by Mr. Robert Reed. We are glad to see Mme. Caradori in our vocal ranks again, and to learn that her three years' tour in America has been so pleasant and profitable: her rich powerful voice and dramatic ability will not be wasted in England. Signor Bossi, her coadjutor in "La ci darem," has a voice of good quality, and is altogether a very promising singer, but wanting in experience. The delivery of the trio, "Proteggia il giusto cielo," was all that could be desired. The first part having concluded, Mr. Manns, the conductor, addressed the audience, requesting permission to rehearse a new composition by Ardit, the orchestral parts of which had only just arrived. As there were no objectors, the rehearsal commenced, to the evident amusement of many of the visitors, who were unaccustomed to such a scene. The second part consisted chiefly of selections from "Martha," the exceptions being two pieces for individual display; Malibran's aria "Nel dolce incanto," sung by Mme. Caradori, and Ardit's new valse "La Stella," which had just been rehearsed, sung by Mlle. Tietjens. "La Stella" requires great flexibility and compass, and although it bears a strong family likeness to "Il Bacio," by the same composer, is likely to find favour. After the Quartetto, "Mezza Notte," which was charmingly rendered, M. Bossi essayed the Brindisi, "Chi mi dirà," which seemed to give general satisfaction, but it wanted jollity, and was, moreover, too slow. In "The Last Rose of Summer" Tietjens sang so exquisitely, that in spite of the prohibition on *encores* she was enthusiastically recalled. The same compliment was paid to Giuglini in the Romanza "M'Appari," his best effort; and the concert concluded with the lively Spinning Quartet, in which the band was unsteady for the first time during the performance; and no wonder, two distinct arrangements having been placed before them accidentally. The Overtures to "Don Giovanni" and "Martha" were executed with great precision and spirit, reflecting equal credit on band and conductor, but the string department was weak, the violins especially deficient in number. Altogether, we have seldom heard a more satisfactory concert; the vocalists few, but of the best quality; a programme to match, and of such reasonable length that the audience remained seated and was evidently delighted to the last. We subjoin a notice, which we suppose emanates from Mr. Bowly, believing it well worth the attention of all who direct public entertainments:—"It being the desire of the Directors that the concerts shall terminate at the latest by five o'clock, should the programme be too long, or be prolonged by *encores*, some of the pieces in the last part will be omitted." On this occasion the programme fitted exactly, the performance commencing at three, and concluding at five precisely.

MR. MELLON'S CONCERTS.

Mr. Mellon's Concerts have come to a close, after pleasantly occupying the two months generally most barren of in-door amusements, and the least remunerative to speculators. If Mr. Mellon had simply followed in the track of his predecessors, we should have dismissed his concerts without further notice; but his deviations have been so interesting and important as to demand a retrospective glance. Promenade Concerts, from their commencement at the Lyceum under Negri, to the last given by Jullien at the same house, have been principally suited to the taste of the million. Negri, Musard, and Jullien, the latter especially, spiced their programmes with a portion of classical music, but rested their success chiefly on the music of the dance, farcical quadrille, and individual display. Mr. Mellon has rushed boldly into the field, cast aside all precedent, and challenged the attention of the world to programmes in which the greatest works of the greatest masters predominated. Symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn; oratorios by Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, and Rossini's "Stabat Mater;" the most classical concertos and overtures, all without mutilation; and, lest we should be incredulous, "the entire work" appended to each announcement. Such an undertaking is unprecedented in our musical history; and, with very little exception,

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the promise was faithfully carried out. The band, carefully chosen from amongst the most famous instrumentalists, shone forth brilliantly in the grand symphony, and might challenge comparison fearlessly with the Old and New Philharmonic.

In Oratorio, amongst several first-class vocalists, were some not altogether equal to the task; but as they are deficient in experience, we need not attach failure to their names at present. The chorus was good, but insufficient in number. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Mr. Mellon's tact and ready expedient threw an air of completeness over all—at least as far as the general audience was concerned—and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Haydn's "Creation" have seldom been better appreciated. Handel's "Messiah" was given without chorus—a mistake that Mr. Mellon is not likely to repeat. The "Stabat Mater" was the least effective of the sacred music, mainly owing to the non-appearance of Mr. Vernon Rigby (the promising young tenor), Mr. E. T. Smith having obtained an injunction, forbidding him to sing at specified places. The vocal department was strongly represented, Mlle. Parépa heading the soprano, Madame Laura Baxter the contralto; both ladies were highly successful, and received encores almost as a regular rule. In addition to these were Mesdames Lancia, Cole, Georgi, Bleaden, Vaschetti, Bradshaw, Child,—on one occasion Madame Sainton-Dolby, whose remarkable talent received the usual ovation, and Miss Poole, whose mellow voice and clear vocal elocution charmed everybody, and at the same time furnished a study for inarticulate singers. Messrs. Weiss, Thomas, Wharton, and Fontanier represented bass and barytone, Donald King and George Perrin the tenor. The chorus, alternately the National Choral Society under Mr. G. W. Martin, and a selection by Mr. Smythson from the "Pyne and Harrison" chorus. The instrumental soloists were Sainton, Hill, Politzer, Collins, and Thomas (violin), G. Collins (violinello), Pratten (flute), Berry (piccolo), Barret, Nicholson, and Lavigne (oboe), Lazarus (clarinet), Hauser (bassoon), T. and C. Harper (trumpet and horn), Levy (cornet), Winterbottom (trombone), Hughes (ophicleide), Trust (harp). The pianoforte was well represented both in the grand concerto and fantasia by Miss Julia Woolf and Mr. George Russell. Some *connoisseurs* might have regretted that there was no Charles Halle or Arabella Goddard to declaim the inspirations of their pet composers; but the public was well satisfied, and justly so, if we except the railroad speed at which both these clever artists took some of the allegro movements. Mr. Silas also appeared twice in a Scotch Fantasia of his own, for the pianoforte, a well-written and exceedingly difficult work, which he executed apparently with much ease; the instrumentation showed the practised hand of a master, but, altogether, the select few were better pleased than the public.

Another pianist, who essayed a Fantasia on the "Lucia," displayed remarkable rapidity of finger and a powerful wrist, but he attacked the key-board with such unmerciful violence, that the effect was far more astounding than pleasing. The programmes, though overflowing with classical music, were not wanting in that popular element, to which the frequenters of promenade concerts have been accustomed. In that department, Mr. Cook held the prominent position. His comic orchestral Fantasia, "Three Blind Mice," convulsed the audience with laughter. It commenced with some contrapuntal twisting of the old English round of that name, and eventually settled into the round itself. Messrs. Sidney Pratten, Nicholson, and Berry represented the three mice; Mr. Lazarus the struggling mouse, and he realized its perilous position on his clarinet in a most ludicrous manner. Mr. Coote also furnished "The New York Quadrille," a cadence which brought into prominent notice Mr. Berry, an extraordinary performer on the piccolo; and also gave an opportunity to Mr. Levy on the cornet, who yet may rival the fame of König, if he is content to study. "The Diddin Quadrille," by the same composer, wants rescoring, being deficient in effect and contrast, to say nothing of one of the principal melodies, "Wapping Old Stairs," being the composition of John Percy, not Diddin. Mr. Mellon himself contributed waltzes and quadrilles in what is termed a more legitimate style,

the single exception being the "Patti Polka," in the introduction to which, the instruments repeated "Patti, Patti," which much pertinacity. Much new dance music, and of good quality, was contributed by T. Browne, Nadaud, Wagner (?), Montgomery, Goodban, Calcott, Levy, and Prince Galitzin. Such a profusion and variety of music and musicians for Promenade Concerts may well excite astonishment, and certainly entitles Mr. Mellon, independently of his other claims, to the esteem and admiration of the public. But has his liberality been rewarded? Is it certain that this is the way to refine the public taste? We fear that the million require milder doses of the sublime, and that a homoeopathic treatment would be more efficacious. Continual orations in Latin or Greek would give little information to hearers unacquainted with those languages; and, in the same way, some elementary knowledge may be required before classical music can be comprehended. The one fault pervading Mr. Mellon's Concerts, particularly during the last month, was the crowded state of the programme, compelling him to hurry on piece after piece so rapidly, that the ear and the attention were sorely overtaxed. The anticipation of a glut may attract the unthinking for a time, but it will very soon become repulsive; and to weary an audience, to say nothing of performers, is questionable policy. However, Mr. Mellon has the best wishes of those who revere high art; he has proved himself worthy to interpret it, whether in the shape of oratorio, opera, or symphony. We are confident that he has laid a permanent foundation for his Annual Concerts, and, in common with the public, shall look forward with great interest to his next session.

STRAND.

The two new comediettas produced at the Strand Theatre have this in common—they both have a moral; but these morals are in all respects the very antipodes of each other. The one is perhaps the oldest and most orthodox that comedy has ever adopted, and one that has underlain more plots than any other ever presented upon the stage; the other is a spick-and-span new importation from France, with all the burnish on it which that nation, as ingenious in codes of morality as in fabrication of articles of elegance and utility, knows so well how to bestow. The moral of the first is so plain that he that runs may read, viz. that guardians should not endeavour to find husbands for their wards, or that if they do so, their labour and time will probably be, to say the least, misplaced. The moral of the second is a little opposed to the spirit of proverbial philosophy (pre-Tupperian), being apparently to the effect that happy is the house where the "hen crows," or, in other words, that a husband who wishes for a well-regulated household and a loving wife had better submit, without murmuring, to the caprices or exactions of his better half. "The Full Particulars of that Affair at Finchley" is the title of the first, and it is from the pen of Mr. Stirling Coyne. Mrs. Silver-sides (Miss Page) has a niece to whom she is guardian, and for whom she has arranged a marriage with the nephew of a *Sir Carnaby Jenks* (Mr. H. Chester), an old and stupid admirer of her own. This niece, *Harriet* (Miss M. Wilton), has, however, chosen for herself, and fixed her affections upon one *Frank Thornbury* (Mr. Collier), whom she is now disposed to give up. To marry him she has to gain the consent of both her aunt and the venerable knight her lover. Her aunt has a hobby on which she works. This consists of a desire to succour and reform those whose situation opens to them temptations to crime. *Miss Harriet* then dresses as a Devonshire dairy-maid, and accepts the escort of her lover, who is disguised as a poacher. They are received into the house, and once there, the young lady tries the power of her eyes upon the fat but inflammable knight, who having purchased a few kisses at a rate which if long kept up might, we think, be deemed disproportionate for those simple favours, makes an assignation with her for the dead of night. These amorous advances are sufficient for her purpose: she threatens to tell, and has the old gentleman at her disposal; her aunt she overcomes by disguising herself as a highwayman of the romantic school of Bulwer or Ainsworth, and frightening her, and in fact bullying her out of her consent. A pert lady's-maid and a cowardly man-

servant add an additional comic element to the piece, to the success of which the disguises of Miss Wilton, especially her natty get-up as the house-breaker, in a scarlet coat and top-boots, mainly contributed. Mr. Collier and Mr. Chester both acted well, and are valuable additions to the Strand company.

The second novelty is an adaptation from the French by Mr. Troughton, and is entitled "Short and Sweet." *Mr. Short* (Mr. Clark) and *Mr. Sweet* (Mr. Rogers) are two members of the Stock Exchange, and with their wives (Miss Kate Carson and Miss E. Bufton), they are lodging together near the Crystal Palace. Here *Sweet*, who has been very gentle and docile under a hymeneal yoke which he has scarcely felt, views with admiration the perfect control which his friend *Short* has obtained over his own wife and household. With this gentleman his word is law, and his laws irrevocable; and his wife yields to his commands a constant obedience. *Sweet* tries the same plan with *Mrs. Sweet*, but it somehow does not answer, and only renders both parties very miserable; and meantime *Short's* sneers at the weakness and irresolution of his hen-pecked friend are incessant. There, however, is introduced a new element. A Stock Exchange Lothario has entered into a correspondence with one of the ladies. *Sweet* gets hold of the letter, and believes it is addressed to his wife; and in this opinion *Short* coincides. *Sweet* is now driven almost to the point of madness, but is shortly undeceived, and finds out that his own wife, whom he spoils, not only adores him, but has saved the wife of his friend from a scandalous intrigue, into which the harshness of her husband has almost driven her. This, of course, induces him to accept with pleasure the previous conditions, under which their life had been so tranquil. He receives with equanimity the condolences of *Short*, whom he does not deceive; but at the moment of the curtain dropping, *Mrs. Short* has been roused to an assertion of her own position, and there appears every probability that a few more essays of a similar kind will reduce that violent gentleman, her husband, to the domestic tameness which it appears is the normal condition of married life. The two parts of *Short and Sweet*, it is needless to say, were well performed by Clarke and Rogers.

ST. JAMES'S.

The St. James's Theatre reopened on Monday, with the reproduction of a version of the well-known French comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouches," with the performance of which, under the title of "A Scrap of Paper," the last season at this theatre closed. The other pieces consisted of "The Cossy Couple" and "Done on Both Sides." During the recess, Mr. Wigan has strengthened his company by the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mr. J. Robins, and Mr. Vining; and with these additions, and his own high and justly earned reputation, Mr. Wigan is, we think, justified in expecting a prosperous season.

THE PRINCESS'S.

"Jeannette's Wedding" is a clever version of a little French piece which has been more than once adapted for the English stage. The means by which *Jeannette* (Miss Maria Harris) succeeds in pacifying the rage of her bridegroom, very naturally indignant at being married against his will, give rise to much drollery. Mr. Widdicomb took the part of *Jean*, the bumptious husband of *Jeannette*, and sustained it with much humour.—The long-expected *Othello* of Mr. Fechter is announced for Monday next, at this theatre; and a new operatic transatlantic extravaganza, entitled "Po-ca-hon-tas," is to be produced on Tuesday.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A new tenor, M. Tapiou, has made his appearance at the Theatre Royal at Brussels, in consequence of the indisposition of M. Bertrand. His debut was in the rôle of *Raoul* in "Les Huguenots." M. Perie, who took that of *Marcel*, was barely permitted by the audience to continue it; and Mlle. Gennetier, whose *debut* was noticed in a recent number of this journal, has withdrawn in consequence of the unfavourable reception accorded her.

A very successful revival has taken place at the Opéra Comique. It consists of M. Adolphe Adam's well-known work, "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau." Few fictitious characters have been endowed with such vitality as has fallen to the lot of this creation of M. Adam; and the famous air—

Où est-il? Où est-il? Où est-il?
Qu'il est beau.
Le Postillon de Lonjumeau!

is still heard by the traveller on every highway in France. Montaubry, as *Chapelier*, was very well received, especially in the second act, in which he, as well as Mme. Faure-Lefebvre, drew down thunders of applause from the audience.

The "Sonnambula" of Bellini has been performed at the Théâtre Italien, with Belart in the rôle of *Elvino*, and Tagliafico in that of *Rodolfo*. It is now, we believe, some years since this singer, so long a favourite in this country, has been heard in Paris, where, however, he was favourably received. Mlle. Battu was a charming *Elvino*.

A new drama, "Une Dette de Jeunesse," has been brought out at the Gymnase, and has been favourably received.

A statue is being erected at Florence to the memory of the great Italian composer, Cherubini, of whom the Florentines are so justly proud; and Rossini has written a symphony in his honour. These are grateful tributes to one to whom the music of Italy is under obligations it is not easy to estimate too highly.

Mlle. Patti has been singing in two concerts in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, in both of which her reception was very enthusiastic. In addition to her favourite operatic songs, she gave Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim," and some English and Scotch ballads, with striking effect and amid vociferous applause.

The musical season at Baden has closed with the production of a new comic opera, in one act, entitled "Les Amours de Silvio, ou le Fruit Défendu." The libretto is by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, and the music by M. François Schwall, of Strasbourg. The parts were allotted to Mlle. Amélie Faivre and Louise Singelee, and MM. Montaubry, Balanque, and Sainte-Foy. The performance was highly successful, and the authors, at its close, received the felicitations of his distinguished audience, among whom were the King and Queen of Prussia, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Prince of Wales, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden.

A new comedy, "L'Attaché d'Ambassade," long promised, has at length been produced at the Vaudeville, and has introduced to a Parisian audience a young actress whose first appearance has been eagerly anticipated. Her name is Mlle. Juliette Beau. The award of the audience has been distinctly gracious as regards the actress, whose pleasing figure and melodious voice furnish attractions Frenchmen are not slow to recognise; but as regards the play, in spite of the persistent applause of the *claqueurs*, its success is more than doubtful.

MISCELLANEA.

The establishment of Classes and Lectures, which should in a proper manner utilize, for educational purposes, the vast resources of the Crystal Palace, is now no longer a matter of conjecture, but a tested fact. The school was commenced last year, and during the whole of last season progressed; the result at the close of the first term being highly satisfactory. The services of Professors of the highest rank in each study were retained, and in every feature of the organization great care was exercised by the Committee that the highest character should be maintained in the instruction and in the lectures; and that the privacy and comfort of the studios and rooms provided, should be equal to the immense advantages in other respects; the instruction being, indeed, more a system of private lessons, with the luxury of the drawing-room, than in the commonly received mode of holding classes.

The result has been in every sense satisfactory. The first families in the surrounding and increasing neighbourhood of the Palace have warmly taken up the advantages offered, and others from all parts of the country have taken residences near, that their daughters might enjoy the advantages of the masters as well as a pleasant visit. The regulations and announcement for the new term, which commences on the 1st of November next and continues till July 31st, 1862, have just been issued. The classes for Water Colour Painting, &c., are taught by Mr. E. A. Goodall; those for Figure Drawing and Modelling, by Mr. W. K. Shenton, and for these the magnificent Art Collections of the Palace are all available. English is taught by the Rev. Philip Smith, B.A.; and Professor Mariette, of King's College, London, takes the French. Dr. Kinkel instructs in German, and no doubt will also give some of his well-known lectures on the History of Art, delivered with such success at the South Kensington Museum. Italian is by Signor Volpe, and Latin as well as History by the Rev. C. Boutell; Herr A. Sonnenschein is the Professor of Physical Geography; Dr. Dresser, of Botany; Dr. E. Lankester, of Physiology; and Dr. D. S. Price, the Director of the Technological Museum, of Chemistry and its applications. For the Pianoforte, there are Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, and Prout; Singing, the great Garcia, Mrs. Street, and Miss Whyte; for Part-singing, Mr. Henry Leslie and Mr. J. G. Calcott, while M. Louis d'Egville teaches Dancing. The first courses of lectures will be by Dr. Dresser and Dr. Lankester, and was commenced on the 17th instant. Dr. Dresser's will be on the "Arts of Decorative Design and their relation to Botany," and will be specially addressed to those who may be preparing to exhibit in competition in the International Exhibition of 1862. Dr. Lankester's will be on the "Physiology of the Nervous System, in relation to Health and Education."

Mr. Tweedie is about to publish the life of Captain John Brown, by Redpath, under the title of *The Hero of Harper's Ferry*. He also announces a series of lithographic portraits of well-known Temperance advocates, to be issued as a supplement to the *Weekly Record of the Temperance Movement*. The November number of the *National Magazine* will contain the first of a series of original photographs by Frank Frith. The first is to be a view of Westminster Bridge and the Houses of Parliament.

The first meeting of the Numismatic Society, for the ensuing session, 1861-62, is to be held on Thursday next.

On November 1st, the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown will commence the issue of a series of discourses, entitled *Aids to the Development of the Divine Life*, which will be published monthly by Mr. H. J. Tredder, of Ave-Maria Lane.

There appears to be a brisk contest prevailing just now for the Hulsean Lectureship at the University of Cambridge. About seven or eight claims are being urged upon the electors. Of these, three appear to be most prominent. One of them is Mr. Lightfoot, of Trinity, who is well known for some careful and able papers in the *Cambridge Journal of Classical and Sacred Literature*; a second is Mr. Westcott, also of Trinity College, whose labours on the Sacred Canon have been remarkably successful, and who is, besides other literary distinctions, a contributor to Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*; a third name, which probably at the present time will excite an unusual degree of attention, is that of the Rev. W. Webster, late Fellow of Queen's College, Messrs. J. W. Parker and Co. have this week issued the second volume of the careful and elaborate edition of the *Greek Testament*, by Mr. Webster and Mr. Wilkinson. This is certainly a work of greater importance than any published by the other candidates, and we imagine that those who are acquainted with it will eagerly wish success to the first of these earnest and learned writers. It is a gratifying fact that all three gentlemen are free from any prevailing party bias.

The English friends of the American novelist Hawthorne intend to present him with a medallion bust of marble, executed by Kunke, of Newman

Street. Messrs. Smith and Elder will receive guinea subscriptions, which entitle the subscriber to casts of the portrait.

The following letter, which we may remind our correspondent, is somewhat late in the field, speaks for itself:—

Sir,—Your Number of *Literary Gazette* for August 31st, 1861, contains an interesting communication from Dr. Simonides.

Are there not two typographical errors in the printing of the extract from the papyrus?

Should not *rai* in the fourth line be *ro*? and is not the final syllable of *πνευματι* in the sixth line an erroneous addition?

I trouble you with this, because probably to many persons your *Gazette* will be the readiest and most satisfactory, if not the only available medium of correction.

HENRY TAYLOR.

October 12, 1861.

The Belgian artists, at an influential meeting held in the University of Brussels, elected MM. Gallait and Wiertz as representatives of their body, to complete the jury of admission for the International Exhibition of 1862.

A new work, entitled *La Fin d'un Monde et du Nèveu de Rameau*, has appeared in Paris, from the brilliant pen of M. Jules Janin. It is said to give a life-like account of the state of society in France towards the close of the last century, and is ranked by M. Janin's admirers as his *chef-d'œuvre*. M. Le Vicomte P. de Sèlle, one of the editors of the *Gazette de France*, has died, after a short illness, at Toulon.

We regret to say that the authorities of the Westminster School have thought fit to suspend the performance of the usual Latin play next Christmas, on the ground of the Duchess of Kent's death in the early part of the year!!

The Beehive, a new weekly twopenny paper, appears this day, to advocate the interests of the industrial classes. We perceive Mr. Potter's name is associated with it; a fact that will not, we trust, close its columns to both sides of the vexed question of strikes, as probably many of the readers of *The Beehive* will be the men "on strike" at present.

Dr. William Bell, author of *Shakespeare's Puck and his Folklore*, &c., has in the press for publication on the 9th of November next, *New Readings for the Matto of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and for his Prince of Ostrich Feathers*. The same author is also far advanced with the printing of the translation of a manuscript treatise "On the Paleontological Theory of Empedocles of Akragas in Sicily," by Dr. Julius Schwarcz, of Stuhlweissenburg, in Hungary.

The ceremony of the King of Prussia's coronation will be well chronicled, the London papers having dispatched their "specials" to watch events. Those who remember the able description of the gorgeous panorama which made up the Russian Emperor's spectacle, in the columns of the *Daily News*, will probably recognize the same graphic pen on the present occasion.

It is stated that the Poet-Laureate will write words for Professor Sterndale Bennett, who has been chosen to represent English composers at the intended musical inauguration of the International Exhibition.

The Middle Temple Library will soon be open for public use, the inauguration by the Prince of Wales being fixed for the 31st instant.

Kensington, with a population of seventy thousand, has no Literary or Scientific Institution, if we except the Government Museum. A project to establish three Reading and News Rooms under the "Libraries Act" is in progress.

The Pneumatic Tube Company propose to erect a bricked tunnel from the International Exhibition to the carriage-stand in Hyde Park. On Tuesday the Chief Commissioner witnessed some interesting experiments at Battersea, which were considered quite successful, the transit of parcels or passengers being easier than when other motive power is employed.

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